# THE SPEAKER

*SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER* 13, 1890.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE political battle of the present week is being waged not on platforms, nor even in the Press, but in the Registration Courts. We have discussed elsewhere some of the graver questions raised by this annual carnival of pedantry, red-tape, and political trickery. The system of registration now in force is a vile one, and, though happily its doom is sealed, each year that it lingers with us must exasperate all who are anxious to see the political credit of the country maintained. This year special importance attaches to the Registrations, because—despite the boast of MR. LONG that Parliament will last for two and a half years longer—it is quite on the cards that the General Election will take place on the register which is now being prepared. The Central Conservative Organisation, in view of this possibility, has excelled itself in inciting the Tory agents throughout the country to serve wholesale objections upon voters. That the more the franchise can be restricted, the better it will be for the Tory party, is evidently the belief prevailing at Ministerial headquarters.

THE labour troubles in England are not diminishing, and unfortunately they are being accompanied in some instances by action on the part of the workmen of the most discreditable kind. At Southampton, for example, there has been rioting in the streets, the Mayor's house has been attacked, and violent attempts have been made to prevent the non-unionist dock-labourers from continuing at work. Holding as we do that it is a good thing for labour that it should be organised, and should have the means of securing its own share in the profits of industry, we must yet firmly disclaim any kind of sympathy with those who seek to reach lawful ends by entirely lawless means. It would be a cruel kindness to conceal the fact that the Southampton rioters, in appealing to brute force in order to influence the strike, are simply playing into the hands of their opponents. Furthermore, these men must remember that an appeal to force on their side must of necessity be met by a resort to force on the side of the authorities. It is the duty of the latter to repress rioting and brutal violence in the streets, and if in performing this duty they have to resort to measures which all of us must regret, the responsibility will rest, not with them, but with the men who have been ill-advised enough to try their strength in a physical contest with their opponents.

THE strike has practically come to an end without giving the men the victory they sought. That there were faults on both sides is obvious; but in this case the greater burden of blame lies upon the shoulders of the "dockers," who were badly led and badly organised. Responsible trades unionists did their utmost to prevent the scenes of violence which occurred in the early part of the week; but they were too late to prevent a great loss of public sympathy on the part of the strikers, and, thus weakened, the latter had nothing to do but to yield. The Australian strike is still too mysterious to English observers to be discussed on this side of the world in an adequate manner. There also, however, public opinion seems to be against the strikers, a fact which in so democratic a community is very significant.

THE unexpected death of CANON LIDDON on Tuesday has caused a wave of profound emotion to pass over Englishmen both within and without the Church. CANON LIDDON has fallen, not in the feebleness of extreme old age, but in the fulness of his mental powers, and at a moment when, as it seemed to the eye of the natural man, he could least be spared. Everyone who is anxious that the spiritual life of this country shall not decay, must feel that the death of the great preacher is a sore calamity. In the English Church he stood first in his command of the pulpit, whilst his many gifts and acquirements, the genuineness of his liberalism, the fervour of his faith, carried his influence far beyond the limits of his Church, and made his name a power in many different circles. It is little to the credit of those in supreme authority that such a man should never have received a bishopric. Perhaps it is the feeling that, in this matter, he had never met with full justice, which in part accounts for the depth of the emotion caused by his sudden death.

AMONG the papers read before the British Association at Leeds few seem to have had a higher practical value than that which was contributed by DR. J. M. RHODES, a physician practising in the neighbourhood of Manchester, on the extent and distribution of pauperism in this country. DR. RHODES showed how largely pauperism has diminished during the last sixty years in spite of the great increase of the population, and he also drew attention to the practical decline of pauperism in the presence of education. These statements are sufficiently encouraging. Unfortunately they are accompanied by facts which seem to establish a close connection between low wages and high rates of pauperism. In other words, it seems to be clear that in some parts of the country the poor rate is still called in to relieve not the wage-earning but the wage-paying class. This, it need hardly be said, is in the agricultural districts. No urban Board of Guardians would dare to enable the local manufacturers to get cheap labour by the simple process of supplementing the wages of their servants by grants from the poor rate.

M. MERMEIX, the gentleman who was the first to invite the public to assist at the washing of Boulangist linen, has fought one duel this week—with results hardly satisfactory to himself—and has addressed challenges to a number of persons who had criticised his action. Apparently most of the gentlemen thus challenged have had the good sense to decline to meet him. In the meantime the furious war of recrimination, of revelations and counter-revelations, goes on, and no one can say how far it will extend, before it is put a stop to. So far as GENERAL BOULANGER himself is concerned, he has of course been effectually destroyed by the proofs which have been offered to the world of his real character. That is a matter of small consequence. But we agree with the *Times* correspondent in deploring the fact that so many parties, hitherto considered respectable, have suffered along with BOULANGER. Indeed, the damage done to the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and the so-called Conservatives generally, is at least as great as that which was inflicted on the Republicans at the time of the WILSON scandals. Such a fishing in dirty waters as has been revealed in connection with the Boulangist plot has hardly been seen, or even dreamt of, before.

THE McKinley Tariff Bill passed the Senate on Wednesday, and is now before a committee of the House of Representatives. There appears to be no doubt that it will become law before the close of the month. The most remarkable feature in connection with the discussion of the measure at Washington has been the extent to which the growth of a feeling against protection, among many different classes in America, has been revealed. But for the present there is no hope of an alteration of the fiscal laws, and Americans will continue to pay heavily for their economic heresies.

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IT is difficult to understand how any writer can so far have misunderstood plain English as to accuse us, as the *Methodist Times* does, of glorifying war, and apparently rejoicing in it, because we, last week, pointed out some of the more obvious results of the great struggle between France and Germany, and commented on the fact that the battle-fields of Alsace and Lorraine were the birth-place of the new era in European history. There is no need to argue the truth of this statement, for it is accepted by every observer of the course of history. Unwittingly and unwillingly PRINCE BISMARCK, when he destroyed the French Empire, gave a tremendous impulse to the cause of democracy, an impulse which is not yet exhausted. But why, because we pointed out this fact, we should be accused of glorifying war as war, and of holding Tory and reactionary principles, we are at a loss to conceive. We understand and sympathise with our contemporary's hatred of war, but we regret that it is not expressed in a more intelligent and intelligible manner.

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THE Sultan has decreed the appointment of a commission to inquire into the causes of discontent in Armenia. Meanwhile the evidences of that discontent continue to accumulate, and the causes are plainly apparent to the Western World, however successfully they may be hidden from the Caliph. A commission of inquiry is, of course, one of the oldest and most worthless of the pretexts to which the rulers of Turkey resort in order to disarm hostile critics of their policy. In the present case we are told that simultaneously with the appointment of this commission a special envoy is being despatched by the Sultan to this country, for the purpose of "enlightening" the press on the question of Armenia, and removing the bad impression which seems to prevail here regarding the conduct of the Pachas. How many Englishmen, journalists or otherwise, will allow themselves to be befooled by this revival of the delightful old comedy? The faith of the Turk in the simplicity of the Saxon must surely be extreme. He has not quite so much faith, however, in his power of gulling the Muscovite.

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THE Bulgarian elections have resulted in a great victory for the Government. The Opposition has virtually disappeared, and the rule of M. STAMBOULOFF has been triumphantly reaffirmed. There can be no doubt of the solidarity of Bulgaria. This, however, hardly affects the vital question for Europe—the prospect of continued peace in the Balkan Peninsula. In Servia it is evident that popular feeling inclines as strongly as ever to Russia, and it is probable that in the new Chamber Russian influence will be still more powerful than it was in the old. For the moment, the policy of St. Petersburg is to "lie low"; but both Servians and Bulgarians believe that an end of the apparent acquiescence of the Czar in events in Bulgaria is approaching. It is for this reason that M. STAMBOULOFF'S policy of alliance with Austria, with Western Europe, with the Porte—with anybody, in fact, but Russia—is so enthusiastically supported by the electors as a whole. And it is precisely for the same reason that so many Servians are anxious to place their country under the wing of the Czar.

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ANOTHER of those annoying occurrences which seem to be inevitable incidents of our occupation of Gibraltar took place last Sunday. Three English officers who had been picnicking in the famous Cork Woods—on Spanish territory, that is to say—were attacked by a crowd of Spaniards, who were armed with knives, and who inflicted severe injuries upon the unfortunate gentlemen. There does not seem to have been any special reason for this outburst of brutality, any more than there was for the shooting of the unlucky English sentinel a few months ago. The incident will probably be regarded in this country as a demonstration of patriotic indignation on the part of the Spaniards. It is more likely, however, to have had its origin in some grievance, real or imaginary, against the municipal regulations in force within the town of Gibraltar. Spanish smugglers and Spanish "roughs" in the neighbourhood of the Rock are always at war with the English authorities, towards whom they entertain strong feelings of ill-will. This local jealousy, rather than any patriotic emotion, was probably the cause of last Sunday's outrage.

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THE weakness in the silver market seems to be passing away, and on Wednesday there was a slight recovery. There was also some recovery from the fall in silver securities, but it seems evident that the speculators in the United States have carried their operations too far, and that they have been seriously inconvenienced by the stringency in the money market. In home railway stocks and in American railroad securities there has been less doing than of late, particularly the American department has been depressed by the stringency in New York, but on the Paris Bourse there has been extraordinary activity, almost all prices being raised to an unparalleled height. Three per cent. rentes have been dealt in at the highest prices ever recorded. The activity in Paris has stimulated speculation here in international securities and in other securities dealt in upon both markets, such as copper shares, diamond shares, Ottoman Bank shares, Suez Canal shares, and South African land and gold shares. On Tuesday and Wednesday there was some slight falling-off in the feverish activity of the three or four days preceding, but the general belief is that the small decline was due mainly to selling by speculators, who had made large profits, and that the rise will be continued farther.

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THE feeling in the money market has changed this week, and in the open market the rate of discount has risen to 3⅝ per cent. There has also been a recovery in the rate of interest. Since the Bank rate was reduced to 4 per cent., more gold has been withdrawn than has been received, and there are rumours that a considerable amount more will be sent to South America. At the same time the outflow of coin and notes to the Provinces is increasing, and quite unexpectedly the stringency in New York has continued. A little while ago it was thought that whatever gold might be required to strengthen the reserve of the Bank of England would be easily got in New York, but now fears are arising that this was a mistake. The Secretary of the Treasury has been doing his utmost to get money out of the Treasury, so as to put an end to the difficulties of the business community; but in spite of all his efforts the receipts exceed the outgoings, and they will probably continue so to do until the Tariff Bill comes into force. Even then there are doubts whether the rates of interest and discount in New York will fall low enough to allow of gold being obtained there in the requisite amounts should it be required by the Bank of England.

## THE CHIVALRY OF LORD SALISBURY.

BURKE'S lament for the Age of Chivalry must occur to many of us just now as we read our newspapers, and study the varied incidents of the great political battle which is being waged in England, even in these bright September days when the main bodies on either side have for a moment retired from the fight, and a truce prevails over the greater part of the field. The contest on the Home Rule question is the most severe political struggle which the present generation of Englishmen has witnessed. It has touched depths in our natures which no ordinary political problem could reach, and it has shown, alas! how far we still are, when deeply moved, from that fine perfection of good-feeling, that gentleness and fairness and courtesy, even in presence of the foe, which belonged to the fabled Age of Chivalry. Far be it from our purpose to pretend that only one side has been sinning in this matter. There is many a convinced Home Ruler who has been stung more sharply by the utterances of certain pronounced advocates of the Home Rule policy than any Tory can have been. The wild outbursts of passion which have occasionally been heard on the Opposition benches have been felt as blows by many a good Liberal. No; we cannot pretend that we are ourselves without offence in this matter, that no Liberal in his heat has spoken words ungenerous and unfair regarding his political opponents. This flattering unction we can, however, lay to our souls—that such words have never fallen from our leader. With pride we can maintain that all through this bitter battle no word has dropped from the lips of Mr. Gladstone which has borne the mark of personal malignity, or which can cast the shadow of a stain upon his character as a gentleman and a Christian. Fiercely assailed as he himself has been by malignant and intemperate enemies, he has never made a personal retort in the slightest degree unworthy of the man who has so long held the foremost place in the public life of England. Nor can it be said that Lord Spencer, or Mr. Morley, or Lord Granville has ever done so. We might prolong the list; but we have said enough to establish our contention that the Liberal leaders at least have not been unchivalrous in their conduct of the great campaign in which they are engaged.

But can as much be said for the leaders on the other side? For some of them, yes; but for others, most emphatically no. And foremost among the latter we regret that we must place Lord Salisbury. His bitter words, his unscrupulous invective, his evil habit of striking not so much at measures or principles as at men, have long been known to all of us; and have never been more conspicuous than during the last four or five years. It is not on his unchivalrous words, however, that we propose to touch here, but on his latest act of warfare against the Irish party—an act which seems to us to be singularly unworthy of the character of an English gentleman, to the possession of which he undoubtedly aspires. We need hardly say that we refer to his attempt to wring from Mr. William O'Brien the costs for which the latter has become legally responsible, owing to the failure of his action for libel against the Prime Minister. Immense delight has been expressed in the Ministerial papers, during the last few days, at the fact that Lord Salisbury's agent succeeded in serving Mr. O'Brien with a writ when he was travelling in a railway carriage with his wife; and the indignation expressed on the occasion by Mr. O'Brien has afforded an opportunity for a new display of the personal contempt and hatred with which the Irish members are regarded by their political opponents. That he should feel hurt by this move on the part of his adversary, still more that he should profess to be indignant because the process-server intruded upon him when he was accompanied by his wife, would seem only to move his generous foes to an outburst of derisive laughter. The idea that he has any right to complain, any right to regard Lord Salisbury's latest step as ungenerous and unfair, never occurs to them for a moment.

And of course at the first glance they may seem to the casual observer to be entirely in the right. Mr. O'Brien brought an action against Lord Salisbury; he lost that action; he became legally liable for a heavy sum in costs—why, in the name of legality itself, should he not be made to pay? This is the superficial aspect of the question; but we venture to say that it is not the true aspect. What are the facts of the case? Lord Salisbury, in accordance with his usual custom, sought to strengthen his political position by making a most venomous attack upon the personal character of Mr. O'Brien. He made that attack in language which conveyed to everybody an idea that he was charging Mr. O'Brien with certain crimes—for they are nothing less—of which he is undoubtedly innocent. When Mr. O'Brien went to a court of law to see whether justice was to be had for this cruel and undeserved wrong, suffered at the hands of the highest personage in the State, how was he met? Lord Salisbury did not venture to face what everybody had imagined to be the plain issue set forth by himself. He shifted his ground, contended that his language did not bear the meaning which Mr. O'Brien and the world at large attached to it, and succeeded, not in having the truth as to the charge, which Mr. O'Brien denied, tried out in the light of day, but in winning a verdict on what was the most paltry of side issues. That the judge who tried the case was a man whose political sympathies were strongly with Lord Salisbury was, of course, a mere accident; but it is still an accident worthy of being noticed. Mr. O'Brien appealed on a point of law. Again he had to meet judges who were politically opposed to him; and they decided against him. He announced that he would appeal further to the House of Lords, to see whether there, at all events, he would be afforded the chance of dealing with the direct issue which Lord Salisbury's speech had raised. But in the meantime Lord Salisbury instructs his solicitors to take steps to recover his costs from the man whom he had attacked so vehemently, and hopes are loudly expressed that as the result of this action on the part of the Prime Minister, Mr. O'Brien may be forced into the Bankruptcy Court, and thus driven out of Parliament.

We put it to any fair-minded Conservative whether the bare recital of this action on the part of Lord Salisbury does not leave a bad taste in the mouth. A very rich man, a very powerful noble, the first Minister of the Crown, the leader of a great party, does not think it unfitting to take action of this kind against a political opponent whom he himself provoked and attacked in the first instance. Under Lord Salisbury's premiership Mr. O'Brien has not only been imprisoned, but has been treated with a harshness which has caused something like a revolt even on the Conservative benches. Armed with the tremendous powers of the Coercion Act, Lord Salisbury's nephew has done his best to crush Mr. O'Brien; and though he has failed entirely in that purpose, he has succeeded in inflicting upon him a great deal of very real physical and moral suffering. Embittered it may be by this suffering, and stung by a false accusation, Mr. O'Brien appeals to English justice for redress against a man who—as he conceived—had brought a most unfounded charge against him. By a dexterous manœuvre his accuser evades the battle

on the main issue, and snatches a verdict which gives him the legal right to demand his costs—to demand them from a man whom he knows to be without any means of his own. And *this* is the chivalrous manner in which Lord Salisbury is fighting the greatest political battle of our time! The Coercion Act failed to crush Mr. O'Brien; so the great English nobleman falls back upon the Bankruptcy Act.

Mr. O'Brien has said many things with which we do not agree, has done some things of which we cannot pretend to approve; but he has always been ready to take the full responsibility for his words and his deeds. When he has broken the law, he has paid the penalty. He, at least, has never sought to evade any direct issue which has once been raised between himself and his opponents. And surely even those who condemn his language or his acts most strongly will at least admit that he has not been without provocation—that his own sufferings, and the yet keener sufferings of those whom he loves and whom he wishes to serve, might be pleaded on his behalf when he is arraigned for uttering words which may seem to the arm-chair politician to be more violent than the justice of the case demands. But this is not Lord Salisbury's opinion. He only sees an opportunity of striking at a political opponent through his poverty, and he snatches at it with an eagerness not unworthy of the Jew of Venice. Is there any Tory in England who believes that Mr. Gladstone would have acted in this fashion if he had stood in Lord Salisbury's place? Is there any man with a whole-hearted faith in the so-called cause of the Union who does not feel that by this action against Mr. William O'Brien the leader of that cause is dragging it down into the dirt? When the Virginians forgot their boasted chivalry and hanged old John Brown, they had strict legality on their side. But none the less did their want of chivalry in their treatment of a helpless foe end in their own undoing.

## THE REGISTRATION COURTS.

THE Revising Barristers' Courts for the revision of the voting lists were opened in London on Monday, and they are now in full swing all through the country. Enough has perhaps been said already as to the great importance of these proceedings, since there is at least the possibility that upon the registers which the Revising Barristers have now to complete and sanction, the next General Election, with all its tremendous issues, will be fought. This year, at any rate, no good Liberal will grudge the loss of a day's work which the defence of his vote against a frivolous objection may cost him. But our especial purpose is to desire our readers—even those of them whose votes are not attacked—to read carefully the reports of the proceedings in the courts, if possible to attend one of them, in order that they may judge for themselves of the flagrant anomalies of the registration laws. They will find that between a man and the vote to which he is by law entitled lie a multitude of vexatious and trivial obstacles. They will find that a citizen who desires to qualify himself for the exercise of the duties of citizenship must fulfil, with as exact precision as a plaintiff in an ejectment suit, a series of pedantic formalities. They will hear argument after argument, supported by quotations from intricate statutes and leading cases, upon dates, and spellings, and methods of postage and technical descriptions; but they will wait long before they hear a claim decided by the broad and simple test, "Is this man one of those to whom the law intended to give a vote?" They will discover, if they watch long enough, that a man's vote—his franchise, his very freedom—is left at the mercy of officials from whom no standard of competency is exacted; that, if these officials fail in their duty, the man has no redress; and that in a multitude of cases the law forbids all possibility that these officials, competent or incompetent, shall properly perform their work. Let us stop for a moment to make out the last count in this indictment. For all the occupation franchises the period of qualification ends on July 15th. The Overseers' lists have to be published on July 31st—only sixteen days afterwards. Now in all large parishes, with the means at the disposal of the Overseers, it is a sheer impossibility to complete the necessary canvass and to compile the lists in those sixteen days. The Overseers have thus no alternative but to commence their canvass before the qualifying period expires. In some large parishes the canvass begins about the third week in June; in others, even earlier. What is the result? Every householder who removes between the time at which the Overseers' canvass reaches him, and the close of the qualifying period, almost inevitably loses his vote. Perhaps a concrete illustration is necessary. John Smith became tenant of a house in Bermondsey in August, 1888. At the revision in 1889, owing to the absurdly long period of qualification required by the law, he was not entitled to be placed on the register. This year the Overseers canvass him on July 1st. They find that his tenancy began before July 15th, 1889, and so duly enter him upon their lists. On the 11th or 12th he moves—perhaps only to the next door, or across the street. His vote is doomed. The agent of the political party to whom he is opposed soon ascertains that he has not occupied the qualifying premises for the full period. Mr. Smith is ignorant of his impending fate. He may be a keen politician, and have searched the lists for his name. If so, he will have found it, and will have been satisfied. It is a thousand to one that he will not know that the only way in which to remedy the omission of the Overseers to take note of his removal is by sending in an entirely fresh claim. He receives the notice of objection the day after the last day for sending in claims. At the court the objectors point out that John Smith claims in respect of the occupancy of a single house instead of "houses in succession." He has no answer; the barrister is powerless; and John Smith's name is struck off the roll of citizens. This is by no means an imaginary or even extraordinary example of the operation of the law. In a parish with whose circumstances the writer is exactly acquainted, there are 1,250 removals in every month. The Overseers begin their canvass a month before the qualifying period elapses. A simple arithmetical calculation determines that the process endangers and probably dooms just 312 votes, subject only to the deduction of those who have removed out of the constituency, and so would have forfeited their votes in any case.

We have a little laboured this illustration because it shows that the law lays traps for voters and claimants of votes, even where the Overseers are laborious, vigilant, competent, and honest. There are many constituencies in which the Overseers can lay claim only to the last-named quality, and a few in which it would be flattery to credit them with any one of the four. In the country districts they are frequently illiterate and occasionally corrupt, and in the large towns they are often guilty of the grossest negligence. For example, in all great towns a very large proportion—in some cases as high as two-thirds—of the voters live in houses the landlords of which compound for the rates. The names of the actual tenants are thus not upon

the rate-book. Some Overseers—Mr. John Morley stated last year that it was the practice at Newcastle—accept without inquiry the perfunctory list of occupiers returned by the owners. A multitude of grave errors is the inevitable result of this gross carelessness. In judging of the results of the registration laws, it must be remembered that the operation of the laws is greatly aided by the vigilance of the political parties. What would become of the register if the law and the Overseers were left to themselves, it is really appalling to contemplate; for the political associations not only repair the omissions in the Overseers' work, but they insure that any serious laches shall be publicly exposed.

One more typical grievance may be suggested; it is a general grievance, but it has a special application to the metropolis. For some inscrutable reason a claim for "houses in succession" cannot be sustained if the removal has been from one constituency into another. So long as a man removes from one district to another in the same constituency he preserves his qualification unbroken; if he passes beyond the boundary line of the constituency he has to remain without a vote until he has twice celebrated July 15th in his new residence. There is no reason in the world why a removal from John o' Groat's to the Land's End should break a qualification to take part in electing the Parliament whose sway extends to both. There is no change in the law more urgently required than that which would remove all restriction to the application of the "successive occupations" franchise. But in London the grievance is felt with especial keenness. All the great provincial towns are separated merely into electoral divisions, and a man may move freely from division to division without forfeiting his vote. But London is divided into constituencies, and there are scores of districts in which a man may lose his vote by moving a hundred yards or even by moving across the street. This preposterous anomaly must be abolished at the first opportunity.

If our readers will follow our advice, and watch the Registration Courts, they will be able to multiply tenfold the few typical grievances we have enumerated. Every year there are thousands of rightful voters left off the lists, and thousands more have only forced their way on to the lists at a sacrifice of valuable time which it is scandalous that the law should exact from them for such a purpose. The remedies are not far to seek. In the first place the administration of the law must be broadened and amplified. It is too drastic a proposal, we fear, to render registration practically automatic by making Overseers responsible in damages for any omission. But the Overseers should be enabled to do their work thoroughly and at the proper time; many needless technicalities should be swept away; voters should be afforded an opportunity of meeting objections by amended claims; and, above all, no restriction whatever should be placed upon the Revising Barrister's power to place every duly qualified citizen upon the register. In the second place, the law itself should be widened. A qualifying period of three months instead of twelve is ample; the register should be renewed half-yearly; and the "successive occupations" qualification should be without restriction as to the nature of the removal, and should be extended to lodgers, who should also be relieved of the oppressive regulations which have made their enfranchisement almost a dead letter. But, whatever the true remedy may be, it is high time that the State ceased to give with one hand and withhold with the other, or to throw utterly purposeless obstacles in the way of her citizens who desire to qualify themselves for what is at least as much the execution of a duty as it is the exercise of a right.

## THE COST OF LONDON'S WINTER SUN.

IT was remarked by a young political economist at the British Association meeting last week that, under our system of chartered monopoly, the price of gas depends, not upon its cost of production, but upon the directors' estimate of its indispensableness. All the safeguards of competition have necessarily disappeared in the amalgamation of the competitors, and our gas bill is a tyranny tempered only by fear of petroleum or alarm at the progress of the electric light. A humorous gas director, who was present at the meeting, unconsciously confirmed this view by explaining how his board had lately raised the price of gas, not because they failed to make a normal profit at the old rate, but because the recent shortening of the gas stokers' day afforded an excuse for a higher charge, which could be relied on not to excite public resentment. The recent addition of threepence per thousand feet to the rate charged by the Gas Light and Coke Company should serve, indeed, to bring home to the inhabitants of London what is their position in the matter.

The Gas Light and Coke Company is one of the very largest industrial concerns in the world, having a paid-up capital of over ten millions sterling. It is the only metropolitan gas company north of the Thames, and supplies three-fourths of the population of London with their main source of artificial light, consuming in the process the almost incredible quantity of 37,000 *tons* of coal *per week*. Notwithstanding a shortening of hours, a rise in wages, an increase in the price of coal, a mild winter, and a most regretable absence of fog, the dividend upon the ordinary stock for the past half-year was at the rate of thirteen per cent. per annum. There was, however, not sufficient margin above the cost of production to satisfy a gas shareholder, and we accordingly have the recent ukase which will levy an additional tribute of threepence per thousand feet on all the gas consumers in London north of the Thames.

The cost of production of the Company's annual output of eighteen millions of thousand feet of gas, including all expenses whatsoever, at the present increased rates, is, indeed, over two shillings and tenpence per thousand feet, but the proceeds of the sale of the residual products are equal to a deduction of nearly a shilling per thousand feet of gas sold, leaving the net cost of production at one and tenpence-halfpenny. Five per cent. interest on the whole inflated capital of the Company would amount to an additional sevenpence per thousand feet. The old price of two and sixpence per thousand would therefore still have covered the entire cost of production with five per cent. interest on capital. Clearly, it is not "cost of production" that necessitates this new price of two and ninepence, with its additional tribute on London of £225,000 per annum, but the cost of having private shareholders with a monopoly of our gas supply.

London has two other gas companies south of the Thames, which, together, are about one-third as great as this northern giant. These three companies are the result of a series of amalgamations which have enabled the twenty competing companies of 1855 finally to divide the metropolis into three districts, in each of which the most complete monopoly reigns. In gas supply, as in waterworks and in docks, competition has inevitably given place to combination, with the same inevitable result of monopoly, and the spoliation of the public. London pays four and a half millions sterling annually for gas, which costs less than three millions to produce, with a capital outlay of fourteen millions, much of which has been squandered and wasted.

Parliament has long ago recognised that the gas

supply of a great city cannot safely be entrusted to private competition, even when competition can be ensured. By the Metropolitan Gas Acts of 1876, obtained largely through the pertinacity of Mr. James Beal, L.C.C., provision is made for a partial limitation of the maximum dividend payable to the gas shareholders, which, by a prescribed sliding scale, is made to depend on the price of gas. The rise from two and sixpence to two and ninepence will, for instance, prevent the Gas Light and Coke Company from paying more than thirteen per cent. dividend. But whereas Parliament contemplated a standard dividend of ten per cent., and arranged the sliding scale of the price of gas with this object, the enormous rise in the receipts from the sale of residual products, which do not enter into the sliding scale, has greatly increased the shareholders' income. A rate for gas which would formerly have yielded eight or nine per cent. now yields thirteen. If Parliament could legitimately restrict the profit of the gas shareholders before, it may do so again as circumstances change, and the recent action of the Gas Light and Coke Company appears to point to the necessity of a new arrangement.

When the Metropolitan Gas Acts were passed in 1876, London had no common municipal organisation other than the Metropolitan Board of Works, and even in 1876 the Metropolitan Board of Works would not have been trusted with the administration of any great industry. Since that date the "municipalisation" of the gas supply has proceeded elsewhere at a great rate. One-half of the consumers of gas in the kingdom already administer their own gasworks, and hardly a quarter now passes without some addition to the 173 local authorities which engage in the gas supply. The number of consumers supplied by joint-stock companies has begun steadily to diminish, and no local authority, having once municipalised its gasworks, has ever again parted with its control over its chief source of public lighting. Excluding London, and also its neighbourhood (for the example of the metropolis apparently corrupts all the surrounding counties), only one-third of the gas consumers in the kingdom still burn gas supplied by private enterprise.

This "municipalisation of the gas supply" has proved a very profitable undertaking for the public. Notwithstanding a general reduction in the price of gas, and an enormously increased consumption for street lighting, nearly all the public gasworks show a profit over and above the interest and sinking fund on the gas debt. Only five undertakings—and these in petty hamlets with ambitious local boards—show a loss, whilst in a few other cases, zeal for the consumer has caused the gas charges to be reduced to a point temporarily insufficient to meet the sinking-fund payments to extinguish the gas debt. Leeds, for instance, cut its rates too fine in 1888 with this result, but easily put things right again in the following year. Manchester, Birmingham, and Salford make, indeed, a clear annual surplus on their gasworks of forty to fifty thousand pounds, which is devoted to various purposes of public utility. A hundred and fifty other town councils and "urban sanitary authorities" have a similar pleasant experience, though in a lesser degree.

The action of the Gas Light and Coke Company in raising their rates in order to maintain a thirteen per cent. dividend, necessarily suggests the question whether London would not do well to imitate Manchester and Birmingham in buying out the gas companies. The present market value of the gas capital is about thirty millions sterling, for which an annual tribute of £1,500,000 is paid to the shareholders. The London County Council would pay only £1,000,000 interest on a corresponding addition to its stock, and a saving of half a million a year might thus fairly be reckoned on. This would reduce the gas bills by sixpence per thousand, or, better still, yield a whole Peabody fund every year for the re-housing of London's poor.

The financial gain of a municipal gas supply is, however, by no means its main attraction. Gas has become practically a necessary of life in a huge city, and any stoppage of its supply in the metropolis would cause a perfectly incalculable misery and pecuniary loss. The vagaries of the gas companies' repairing staff add appreciably to the cost of maintaining the paving of our streets. Over public services of this nature, there ought, at least, to be public control. London cannot afford to leave its winter sun subject to the idiosyncrasies either of a Livesey or of a Burns, and must learn to insist that the aim and purpose of the huge gasometers which dominate all its borders is not to afford either dividends or wages, but light and heat and power to London's million households.

Nor need the London citizen fear that his municipalised gasworks will rapidly be made obsolete by petroleum or the electric light. Whatever, by the grace of the Standard Oil Company, may happen to the price of petroleum, the use of gas cannot fail to extend among our poorer citizens as their standard of living rises and their tenements become more decent. Whatever, by the ingenuity of electricians, may happen to the electric light, it is certain that for many years to come the great majority of London's half a million houses will be unable to substitute it for gas. The sale of residuals, too, which has already reduced the cost of gas by one-third, may not improbably soon give us gas for nothing at all. But it is in the new fields for gas supply that the prospect of development is most hopeful. Fewer than one-half of London houses yet burn gas at all, not because they have a better light, but because their custom has hitherto been too poor and too troublesome to offer any attraction to a thirteen per cent. company. Our slums and alleys, and our common stairways, are as yet most imperfectly illuminated. Our wasteful kitchen fires are only just beginning to be replaced by gas cooking stoves. Gas, as a convenient source of power in the greatest manufacturing city in the world, and the special home of the small workshop, is yet in its infancy. The future "Gas Committee" of the London County Council need not fear that it will be without scope for metropolitan improvements. When London supplies itself with light and heat and power, not for profit, but for the public benefit, we shall really have done much towards that municipalisation of the sun and the moon, which seemed to a Lancashire delegate at the Trade Union Congress the climax of fantastic absurdity.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the British Association at Leeds was on the whole successful. It was not large, but this was chiefly due to the fact that local members were less numerous than usual. The attendance of English scientific men was quite up to the average, while the number, eminence, and activity of the foreign *savants* was perhaps the most conspicuous feature of the gathering. The President's address had many merits. It was well delivered, it was audible, and contained a large amount of interesting information. On the other hand, it was too long. Whole sections, and especially those which referred to questions with which Sir Frederick Abel's name is generally associated, were omitted, and though many of the most

valuable parts of the cargo were thus sacrificed, the ship only reached port after a voyage of at least one hundred minutes.

The two evening lectures were admirably delivered. Mr. E. B. Poulton, F.R.S., a young Oxford biologist, chose "Mimicry" for his subject. He kept his audience in rapt attention as a number of beautiful diagrams flitted over the screen by which he illustrated the extraordinary modifications of form which the individuals of many species have undergone in order to attract their mates, allure their prey, or deceive their enemies. Perhaps one of the most instructive instances was that of a crab which conceals itself, or, at all events, renders itself less conspicuous by sticking odds and ends of seaweed on the stiff hairs with which its body is covered. The operation is performed by chewing each fragment until it is soft enough to be pierced by the bristles and then rubbing it about until it adheres. Mr. Poulton did not deal with the bearing of the facts he described on the general theory of Natural Selection, but this it is which lends them especial interest. We cannot honestly say that we think that the theory affords an altogether satisfactory explanation. It is impossible to prove a negative, and therefore difficult to assert that the selection, which must undoubtedly be a *vera causa*, is not the chief or only determining factor in the process of evolution; but a disputant thus silenced is not convinced.

We suppose that it may be assumed that the crab in question is descended from other types which did not adopt the same means of concealment. How then did the habit originate? If the ancestral crab had hard bristles which accidentally tore off bits of seaweed, why, in opposition to the requirements of its descendants, have they become so soft that an elaborate preliminary mastication of the seaweed is required before they can be used? If the bristles have not diminished in stiffness, are we to imagine that some crabs accidentally acquired the habit of decking themselves with chewed seaweed, and that the quantity of this adornment used by those which initiated the habit was so great as to afford a protection which has sufficed to preserve them and to develop their descendants into a separate species? The theory of descent, and the facts of natural selection may be accepted, without admitting that they form a complete and all-sufficing explanation of the complex phenomena of life.

The other lecture, by Professor C. Vernon Boys, F.R.S., was not perhaps quite so intelligible to the uninstructed members of the audience, but created an even greater enthusiasm among scientific men. This gentleman has devised a most ingenious method of drawing quartz threads of extraordinary tenuity and, relatively to their size, of extraordinary strength. A fragment of quartz is attached to an arrow placed in a small crossbow. A part of it is heated to incandescence; it becomes viscous; and when the arrow is discharged it carries that portion of the quartz which is in front of the heated part forward, and leaves the remainder behind. The two though apparently separated are, however, in reality connected by a fibre of quartz, parts of which are sometimes so thin that it is impossible to see them even under a powerful microscope, though their existence is proved by the phenomena of diffraction which they produce. Many of the most delicate physical measurements are made by means of apparatus the sensitive part of which rotates when subjected to the thermal, electrical, or magnetic influences which are under investigation. However fine the thread may be by which the moving parts are suspended, it requires some force to twist it, and thus it checks their motion. In order therefore to secure high sensitiveness it is necessary to use a material from which threads can be manufactured strong enough to carry the required weight, but thin enough to be easily twisted. Quartz fulfils these and other requirements admirably, and thus Professor Boys has been able to construct apparatus of hitherto undreamt of sensitiveness. Forces equal to the weight of a thousand-millionth of a grain can be easily measured. The heat of a candle can be detected hundreds of yards away. The attraction between masses of lead no larger than a large shot and a cricket-ball can be demonstrated. It is not too much to say that a new departure has been made in the accuracy and delicacy of the art of measurement on which all science depends.

As has already been stated, the meeting was attended by a number of distinguished foreigners. Among the more prominent physicists were M. Mascart from Paris, and Professors Rowland and G. Barker from the United States. Chemistry was well represented by Professors Ostwald for Leipzig, Van 't Hoff from Amsterdam, and Otto Pettersson from Stockholm. The geological section was strengthened by the attendance of Professor Marsh of Yale. Perhaps the most important function of the British Association is to supply opportunities for personal conference between workers who would otherwise know each other by their writings only. Of the utility of this more than one instance was given.

The practical unit of electrical resistance—the ohm—is theoretically defined in accordance with principles which need not be discussed here. Its exact representation in a concrete form is essential to the accuracy of electrical measurements, and this is attained by determining experimentally the lengths of a column of mercury of given sections and temperature, which fulfils the required conditions. The necessary observations are very difficult, and at the Paris Conference held four years ago a provisional length—106 centimetres—was adopted for ten years, and the Governments of the various countries represented were asked to legalise standards based on this definition. Fortunately Mr. Preece, F.R.S., Chief Electrician to the Post Office, used his influence to prevent any steps being taken, and the resolution of the Conference has not been adopted. Mr. Preece's confidence that a more perfect result would be attained before the expiry of ten years has been justified. The Physical Section declared at Leeds that in their opinion the more accurate number, 106·3, is now conclusively proved to be very near the truth. The adhesion to this conclusion of several gentlemen who are consulted on such points by the Governments of their own countries was publicly declared, and there seems now to be every reason to hope that the standard of electrical resistance is finally determined with as much accuracy as is necessary for practical purposes. In Sections A and B a discussion took place on another question, which is perhaps of less immediate practical importance, but which is of high scientific interest—*viz.*, the state in which a salt exists when dissolved in water. The most divergent views are held, some believing that it is broken up into its constituent parts, others that it not only remains intact but unites with some of the water particles which surround it. The fray was rendered the more interesting by the presence of Professors Ostwald and Van 't Hoff, who are among the most conspicuous authorities on such subjects, and it was understood that some advance was made towards a reconciliation of the opposing views of which they and Professors Armstrong and Fitzgerald were the respective champions. On the whole the verdict on the Leeds meeting must be—small but good.

## THE OLD AND NEW UNIONISM.

IT was expected that the meeting at Liverpool would prove to be one of unusual importance and interest; but those who knew most about Trades Unions hardly looked for such stirring debates and far-reaching changes as the result has shown. It is hardly too much to say that the recent meeting has far exceeded in critical importance any other that has been held within twenty years; and it is quite conceivable that it may be the last Congress held on the present constitution. To put the matter briefly and roughly, the questions which were thought to be at issue were as follows:—

1. Would the Trades Union Congress continue to stand forth to the public and to Parliament as a united homogeneous representative body?

2. Would the New Unionism modify or capture the Old Unionism, as it threatened to do?

3. Would the Unions as a body abandon their old economic policy, and accept from the Socialist party a big and radical change?

To answer these questions, as briefly and as roughly as they are stated above, it may be said in few words:—

1. The Trades Union Congress has been shaken to its foundations, and has thrown up two, if not three, very definite parties, each with a conflicting policy.

2. The New Unionism has made such a deep impression on the Old Unionism, that its whole constitution and attitude are completely altered.

3. A majority of the Union delegates have thrown down a defiance to the old economic gospel, and stand pledged to a new and sweeping policy, of a deeply Socialist colour.

But all this is a very brief and rough way of stating the matter. Many sides of it have to be analysed much more closely before we can get to the true facts. Has the Trades Union Congress ever had a soundly organised constitution; and was it duly authorised to speak in the name of the working class in the mass? What is meant by the New Unionism; what is its policy and aim; and how does it differ from the Old Unionism? Is the Eight Hours project really Socialism, and what does Socialism, in that sense, practically involve? If we try to answer these questions, we may clear up some misconceptions.

(1) The Trades Union Congress never has had any regularly constituted and formal organisation; nor has it ever assumed to have, or in fact had, any general mandate from the workmen as a body.

It grew up out of small beginnings, mainly in order to lay certain grievances and claims before the public, and to formulate demands as to certain Bills in Parliament affecting Unionist interests. Certain large and rich Unions, certain Union secretaries of proved experience and energy, gave the tone and were recognised as leaders. The Unionists in the mass had not got the franchise; they had no workmen in Parliament; and they kept united in order to impress their voice on the Legislature. As they were not seriously divided in principle, a very loose and imperfect constitution sufficed for their business. Delegates sent by a Union of 50,000 members, with a balance of £100,000, sat and voted side by side with delegates sent by 150, with a balance of *minus nothing*. They all spoke as if they were the chosen representatives of tens of millions of working men and women. But, in fact, they were sent by, and could only speak for, a small minority—the strongly organised members of each trade—though they claimed to be, and had a right to regard themselves as, the most intelligent, the most energetic, and most public-spirited members of their order. An organisation so rough and ready, improvised for an emergency, was not likely to meet all contingencies. And, under the strain put on it by the New Unionism, the Congress has found its entire organisation deficient.

(2) What is meant by the New Unionism? Briefly, it is a movement designed to obtain, for the whole order of working men and women taken together, immediate, direct, material improvement in their condition, by aggressive action on the labour market. It puts the Friendly Society aspect of Trades Unionism in the background; it is indifferent to Parliamentary tactics and party considerations; and it does not profess to think first and mainly of the insurance benefits of its own enrolled members. The Old Unionism holds by slower, indirect, prudential methods; it is worked like a bank or a co-operative mill, first and mainly, to secure the interests of its own members; it has gained great things for the general cause of labour by skilful appeals to Parliament, and by fair and open bargains with political parties and leaders; and, lastly, it is deeply impressed with the folly and wickedness of encouraging strikes under adverse economic conditions, of engaging in hopeless agitations, of damaging and irritating capital wantonly, of alarming public opinion and sacrificing the sympathy of great political forces. The New Unionism is audacious, generous, social, and hopeful: bursting with energy and self-devotion, and flushed with a score of amazing successes. This is the revolutionary, Continental, Socialist, and democratic phase of Unionism, though it still holds in substance to the English type of labour contests, and avows loyal trust in the general principle of Unionism as understood in England, *i.e.*, in a permanent combination of workmen, having balances with its bankers, and based on solid financial estimates. The Old Unionism is prudent, practical, rich, and substantial: it has achieved great things in twenty years; and it has a network of political and Parliamentary influences from which it hopes for still greater things. It is the old English, Whigish, economic, and constitutional phase of Unionism. It is very strong in economic doctrines and in party tactics; and it is no doubt much mixed up with Parliamentary forces, calculations, and candidates.

This is at once a strength and a weakness. But, though the Old Unionism shakes its head and even retires in disgust over the wild projects and the reckless impatience of the New Unionism, it must be remembered that the Old is quite as anxious as the New to see its aims achieved; just as keen for higher wages and shorter hours, and the raising the condition of the entire order of working men; just as clear about the claims of labour and the need of great social reforms. There is very much to be said for both these views and both phases of Unionism. In a short paper like this it is impossible to balance their claims. It is the old, old struggle of politics between Scipio and the Gracchi, Vane and Cromwell, Cavour and Garibaldi, Thiers and Gambetta, Russell and Gladstone. Now one, now the other policy has its day: the great man and the winning party is the one who combines both policies or strikes at the opportune moment in the right way. Both types of policy have their strength and their weakness; and both may be supported by able and honest men. The Old Unionism, as well as the New, contains men of high character and great mark, who have won respect and admiration, inside their own class and out of it. We need name no names and institute no comparisons. On both sides there are men worthy to stand forth as champions of labour. If it is easier to point out fiery and heroic leaders on one side, it is easier to find sagacious, experienced, and masterly politicians on the other. They respect one another and admit each other's excellent intentions. And amidst all the hubbub of a scratch

Parliament, as was the Congress, debating in hot haste a critical problem in the history of labour, there were heard on both sides, among rude and violent outbursts, generous and sincere expressions of personal regard and common aspirations. Workmen have no reason to be ashamed of their Congress—which, in all its noisiness, never approached the violences common in American and Continental Houses. In our House of Commons there still linger traditions of the old aristocratic club, and of the assembly of gentlemen, most of whom have some distant family connection with good society and each other. And noisy as the Congress at Liverpool became, there was no deliberate attempt to stop debate, to howl down opponents, or to bandy across the floor personal insults. In reality, the flannel shirts of Hope Hall behaved better than do the orchids at St. Stephen's in a big party "row." When parties so strongly marked as the Old and New Unionism meet face to face in a question of vital moment, there is certain to be an historic stand-up fight. The result may be said to be this: the Old has been so far shaken that it is not likely again to dominate the Congress in the same form. On the other hand, the New Unionism has by no means taken its place. It has only made good its claim to be heard, and to a fair share of places at the Council Board. All who understand labour politics have seen that, after all that has happened in the last year, this was inevitable. It would be idle to oppose it, or to regret it. Perhaps the time has come for the Congress to be entirely reconstituted on a systematic basis of representation according to numbers and interests. The Congress wants its own Reform Bill. Perhaps, also, the time has come for a real fusion between the Old and the New Unionism: each giving the other its best men, and adopting from the other its strongest principles and methods.

(3) Finally, Has the Congress adopted Socialism as its policy; or, rather, is the vote of a majority for a compulsory universal Eight Hours Act the formal acceptance of the Socialist creed? The question is a very complex and obscure one, which must be reserved for treatment in a separate paper. It would be a grave mistake to regard a vote so close, and taken under conditions so special, as a final abandonment by the organised trades of their economic good sense and of practical politics. It is ridiculous to label as Socialism every new and energetic social reform. The Eight Hours Bill is not nearly so Socialistic, so tyrannical, and so party-inspired as the law which now makes penal the Sunday labour of all. And yet public opinion willingly accepts that arbitrary limit on adult freedom for its common benefits to all. The Eight Hours question will have to be some day faced on its own practical advantages or disadvantages, and not on *à priori* nostrums about its being Socialistic, or contrary to economic dogmas. If it can be shown that the mass of the workmen seriously desire it, that it will make their lives easier, and English labour a more human and more social thing, the experiment will certainly be tried, all the economic prophecies and all politicians' protests to the contrary notwithstanding. It will be the business of capitalists to find out ways in which English labour can exist under such conditions. Perhaps the simplest thing to do will be to try the experiment in the State employment of industry—say in dockyards, factories, the Post Office, and the Excise and Customs—which can be done without any Act of Parliament, or any compulsion. In the meantime let workmen reflect that Parliament will not look at the Bill at all until workmen themselves are agreed about it; that what the Congress has proved is that workmen are hotly divided on it, and in nearly equal strength. And lastly, let them reflect that, if they wish the Bill to become law, they have only to send to the House of Commons a majority of members pledged to vote for it. Let them try if they can do this. They need not rail at Parliament; they can make the Parliament themselves.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

## DR. LIDDON.

THIS year is made already remarkable by the death of four ecclesiastics, each pre-eminent in his own line: Dr. Döllinger, Bishop Lightfoot, Cardinal Newman, and now Dr. Liddon. The obituary notices of Dr. Liddon in the daily press are so full that it is difficult to add anything fresh. And there is to me the additional difficulty of writing freely about a man whom I knew so intimately and loved so dearly, and who himself shrank with the most sensitive delicacy from everything that savoured of egotism. He was the most delightful of friends and travelling companions. Our journey together to the Balkans has been referred to in several of the obituary notices, and as it throws a light, I think, on some features of Dr. Liddon's character, I will give a summary of some of its incidents.

We went by way of Munich, where we spent some days, mostly in the society of the late Dr. Döllinger, who added a wonderfully extensive and accurate knowledge of politics to his other diversified stores of learning. He took a keen interest in the Eastern Question, which was then in full blaze, and gave us a great deal of interesting information which he had obtained in the course of confidential correspondence with statesmen and diplomatists at some of the leading European Courts. He also gave us some introductions, including one to the famous Bishop Strossmayer, the most eloquent of the bishops who opposed the dogma of Papal Infallibility at the Vatican Council; for Döllinger and Strossmayer had remained on terms of affectionate intimacy in spite of the former's excommunication. On arriving at Vienna, I took Dr. Liddon with me to call on the distinguished *savant* Comte de Vogüe, with whom I had some acquaintance, and who was then French Ambassador at the Austrian Court.

With the French Ambassador we found the Danish Minister, and after some general conversation we made inquiry as to our best route to Diakovor, Bishop Strossmayer's episcopal residence. The two diplomatists directed us to take either the morning or evening express to Agram, which, they thought, was about three hours' drive from Diakovor—a piece of information which was confirmed to us at the British Embassy the same evening. We started accordingly at 7 a.m. over the beautiful Semmering Pass to Agram, which we reached at dusk. After dinner we called for the landlord of our hotel in order to make arrangements for our drive to Diakovor the following day. "Drive to Diakovor!" exclaimed mine host in astonishment. "Do you know how far Diakovor is from here?" "Three hours' drive," we answered, repeating the information given us in Vienna. Our host expressed his amazement in a suppressed whistle, and asked where we had come from. When we said Vienna, he told us that we had been sent two hundred miles out of our way! Yet we had acted on information supplied to us by three ambassadors.

We had no reason, however, to regret our mistake. True, it was now impossible to visit Strossmayer on our way to Servia; yet the mishap had a double advantage. It enabled us to see Agram, one of the most picturesque little towns in Europe, and it forced us to go to Belgrade by the Save (a comparatively unknown route) instead of by the Danube. We spent some days in Agram, where we had one amusing and somewhat inconvenient experience. We had some Bank of England notes, some

circular notes, and some napoleons and English sovereigns. The tradespeople accepted our napoleons and shield sovereigns; but they would not look at our notes or at the sovereigns which were adorned with the effigy of St. George—a new coinage which had been but lately introduced, and which the people of Agram evidently regarded as spurious. It was during this journey on the Save that Dr. Liddon and I, together with some passengers on board our steamer, saw the impalement which roused such furious controversy. Dr. Liddon used always to cite our experience on that occasion as a palmary illustration of the inutility of any amount of evidence against the blinding influence of prejudice. Here were three witnesses who declared that they saw a human being impaled on a stake at a distance of some two hundred yards from their eyes, while one of them made a sketch of it. Yet their testimony is discredited because a British Consul—some hundred of miles away, and without any investigation—hazarded the guess that what the three witnesses saw was in reality "a faggot of beans." That is positively all the evidence on the question. And so careless have the sceptics been that they have insisted on placing the scene of the impalement in Bulgaria—that is, five hundred miles from where it really was. On our return we visited Strossmayer, driving to his place from Vukovar, a little town on the Danube. And here occurred an amusing illustration of Dr. Liddon's great simplicity and trustfulness of character. One of the waiters of the hotel in which we passed the night at Vukovar assured Dr. Liddon that there was only one carriage in the whole of Vukovar (a portentous falsehood), and that it belonged to the waiter's brother-in-law—"a beautiful carriage with springs." Dr. Liddon accordingly engaged this carriage to take us the following day to Bishop Strossmayer's, a distance of eighteen miles. I was not present when this bargain was made, and I had my doubts. Next morning we waited for our carriage, but waited in vain for more than an hour. At last I pointed to a wretched looking little wooden waggon with some straw at the bottom, and a hard wooden seat with a cross-bar which caught the sitter in the small of the back. This thing was harnessed to a shaggy little pony, at the head of which stood a shaggier and dirtier boy of fourteen. I suggested to Liddon that this was our "beautiful carriage with springs." "Dear friend," he said, "that *would* be an equipage in which to arrive at the palace of a princely bishop;" and he quickly drew a comical picture of liveried footmen rushing out to help us "to descend from this pig-cart." The pig-cart, however, was in truth our carriage. I protested against the fraud, and tried to persuade Liddon to dismiss our cart with some solatium to the driver. But he would not hear of it. Our boy-driver pleaded a sick father (probably as apocryphal as our beautiful carriage), and Liddon's sympathy was at once enlisted. So we started along a muddy road with ruts in some places a foot deep. After four miles of horrible jolting one of our wheels came off, and we were dropped upon the muddy road. By dint of dragging and pushing we managed to arrive at a wayside smithy with our dilapidated vehicle. The smith patched up the wheel sufficiently to last to the end of our journey. Dr. Liddon was exquisitely sensitive to pain, and the jolting of the cart, with the cross bar striking him in the back, must have been torture to him. But his humour never failed him. The comical side of our adventure so amused him that the fun of it neutralised the pain. It was certainly the merriest, though the most painful drive which I have ever had.

My object is to present aspects of Dr. Liddon's character which show how intensely human he was. I will not dwell therefore on our delightful sojourn with Bishop Strossmayer further than to note two characteristic survivals of the Mussulman domination which still linger in that part of Croatia. The people go to church on Sunday with bits of kneeling carpet on their arms, and Bishop Strossmayer's major-domo wears a turban, and is called among the domestics "harem pasha." Dr. Liddon was a charming conversationalist: versatile, brilliant, humorous, argumentative, with always a command of most choice diction. He had great descriptive power in conversation, and had a rare faculty of hitting off a character by a few strokes. He was also an admirable *raconteur*, and had great mimetic powers. But his humour had no malice in it. Like sheet-lightning, it lighted up without harming the objects on which it played. Those who enjoyed his intimacy cannot think without a sigh of the bright and breezy freshness which will cheer them no more.

It has been said in some of the obituary notices of him that Dr. Liddon could not preach extempore. That is a mistake. He was a good extempore preacher. Indeed, the late Dean Stanley once told me that he preferred Liddon's extempore to his written sermons. I asked Liddon one day why he did not preach extempore at St. Paul's. He answered that he found that the management of his voice in so large a building occupied so much of his attention that he was afraid of imposing an additional strain upon his mind. I was myself a witness one day at St. Paul's of the readiness with which he could speak without manuscript. He wrote his sermons on very small loose sheets of paper. On the day in question he chanced to brush the sheets off the pulpit cushion. He picked them up in hopeless disorder from the bottom of the pulpit and began quietly to arrange them, but never ceased speaking. He went on developing his theme till he got his sheets in order.

It would be unfair to his colleagues in the Chapter to give Dr. Liddon sole credit for the vast improvement in the services and attendance at the Cathedral. But the initiative undoubtedly came from him. When he was appointed canon, under Dean Mansel, the congregations were easily accommodated in the choir, except at the special evening services. After his advent, however, the crowds increased so rapidly that larger congregations used to attend the daily services than formerly attended the Sunday ones. Liddon also took infinite pains to implant habits of reverence in the people who used to frequent the Cathedral out of service hours. "I have spent an hour taking off hats in the Cathedral," he said to me one day; and he added that he found the persons with whom he thus dealt exceedingly amenable.

Dr. Liddon was an exceedingly well equipped theologian; not only fairly well read in Patristic theology, but also well abreast of German theology and criticism. He was a good linguist, speaking French well, and German and Italian tolerably. He had a most keen sense of the ridiculous, and during some of our travels together abroad he would occasionally express himself in Greek to avoid being understood by some of our polyglot fellow-travellers. In politics he used to call himself "an impenitent Gladstonian," though I believe he did not go entirely with Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule. The truth, however, is that he did not take much interest in party politics apart from such questions as came specially home to him. I am afraid that the toil and anxiety involved in the writing of Dr. Pusey's Life has, humanly speaking, shortened the biographer's own life. He has told me more than once that the labour he underwent in reading and assorting large masses of correspondence and other manuscripts—some very badly written—was immense. Who will now take up the broken thread of the story and finish the Life? I have no doubt that Dr. Liddon's premature death has deprived the public of a masterpiece of biographical literature, and at the same time of the only complete history which we are now likely to have of the Tractarian Movement. What his death means to those who enjoyed the privilege of his intimate friendship it is impossible to describe here. It will be long ere they cease to yearn "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

## THE INTERESTINGNESS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD pronounced American life to be uninteresting. Possibly it was—to him; but whether through his fault or its own, is a point on which there may be two opinions. The famed lecturer—lionised, criticised, handsomely fêted, brutally described, the fastidious observer unfastidiously observed, the coy apostle of culture who had all his life bantered the Barbarian, tortured the Philistine, and sharpened his satire against the young lions of Bolt Court, suddenly turned into a spectacle for curious eyes, and a happy subject for newsmen greedy of copy, was not likely to find the life he led or the people that led him it, altogether to his taste. He was too much an object of interest to find the situation interesting; the wonder is that the topsy-turveydom in which he lived allowed him to see things as clearly and speak of them as sweetly as he did. His lucid geniality was almost saintly; for less virtue men have been canonised. Still, we must not allow Mr. Arnold's judgment to be final or even infallible. He did his best with a hard subject under the, to him, hardest possible conditions. It is enough to make one believe in irresistible grace to find Samson full of "sweetness and light" while addressing the glorying Philistines in their own very promised land.

The interestingness of life in a land may be one thing to the people who live it, and another thing altogether to the studious and imaginative stranger, or the indefatigable tourist. To be interesting is not the same thing as to find life full of interest. The conventional imagination is the blindest of faculties, and the most selfish; admires what is proper, and never discovers what is real. There could be no greater contrast than that between an old Italian city and an English manufacturing town. The Italian city sleeps under the radiance of its deep blue sky; round its walls may flow a river rich in classic story and mediæval legend; its streets may be haunted by the shades of poet and painter; not far off may lie the valley where nestled the farm of Horace, or the fields of which Virgil sang; on the heights above it, some old castle may stand, or some monastery whose vast dimensions testify to the sanctity of the man who founded the Order, or the wealth of the Order he founded, while its churches and palaces are eloquent of devotion and art, and a splendour that was always magnificent but never vulgar. The English town may live under a canopy of smoke which seldom lifts, and then only to show streets of mean and sordid houses; it may be deafened by the noise of steam-hammers or the roaring of looms; its river may have become a bed of moving mud; its buildings may in the very degree that they are pretentious be architecturally execrable, and either staringly new, or grim with a colour which does not speak of age; while of great names or historical memories no trace can anywhere be found. Cultured critic and Philistine tourist fall together into ecstasies over the Italian city, and together abhor the English town. The former appeals to the imagination; it is interesting; its poor, bronzed and gay, picturesque in their very poverty and filth, add just the element needed to perfect the interest; but the latter offends every sense, is a black spot past which we like to be whirled by the Flying Scotchman, while a sight of its toiling men and women excites in us the passion of the reformer or the pity of the philanthropist.

Yet if we exchange the standpoint of the conventional imagination for one more real and human, and ask whether does life possess most of interest for the dweller in the Italian city or the English town, is it not certain that the answer must be in favour of the grimy North? In it there is more of the energy, the enterprise, the intellectual activity, the drama, the pathos, the very romance of life. Life in or round an old and decayed Italian city is to the peasant or artisan a rather vacant and monotonous thing. He is poor, without hope; and hopeless poverty soon empties life of its idealisms. What speaks to the imagination of the properly prepared tourist is silent to his. Taxes are heavy, money is scarce, and life is a sordid struggle with want. The legends of the Saints, the graces of the Virgin, the offices of the Church, may lend a touch of poetry to his prosaic existence; but a life that owes its interest to what our cultured Philistine thinks a graceful mythology can hardly be named an interesting life. In the English town, on the other hand, life is to the workman crowded with interests. His trade is full of them: how is it to be organised so as to be profitable to the workers? how are they to combine so as to secure their due rights and due profits over against capital? how are the benevolent societies to be made most efficiently to help in sickness and old age? He has his reading-room and Mechanics' Institution, his technical school if he wishes to learn the science of his trade, his debating club if he would learn what he ought to doubt, what believe, and what practise. He has politics, always for him a vital matter; and by the help of his daily newspaper, his club, and his Trades Council, he ceases to be the mere artisan and becomes a citizen, almost a statesman. Nor is his life without idealisms. He dreams of a happier future, when wealth shall be more equitably distributed, justice be more equal, and the common good be more common and more loved. He has his church or his chapel and his Sunday-school, where he cultivates a faith which makes him a more strenuous man or a more capable citizen, for it is a faith which does not so much reconcile him to what is, as constrain him to work for what ought to be. From the point of view of interest for the men who live it, there can be no question as to which is the richer life. The Italian city may be beautiful, but for its common people life is wanting in interest; the English town may be hideous, but for its workmen life has an interest—an ideal and imaginative interest too—such as we shall seek for in vain among peoples who sleep away existence under the shadows of old cathedrals, beneath immemorial elms, or within sight of spires and pinnacles and towers built by the past and admired for their romance by the present.

Now, all this applies to the question of the interestingness of American life. It may not be interesting in our way, or for cultured idleness; but it may be all the more interesting in its own way and for its own people. The function of the observer is to find out what is, not to determine beforehand what must be; to judge a people as it is and for what it is, not as if it were a race of abortive scholars or lapsed academicians, interested only in its literature, interesting only for its art.

For one thing, it is evident that America can never be interesting either for us or to its own people in the same sense and way as the old countries of Europe. It is not an Italy through which a Goethe can travel and experience a sort of literary regeneration—enter it a German romanticist and issue from it a classical Greek. It has no Coliseum in which a Gibbon can sit, and see in vision the rise, decline, and fall of the Roman Empire. It has no ancient abbey which can stir a Wordsworth to the higher interpretation of nature, or a Scott to the idealisation and revivification of the past. It has none of these things; and if the interestingness of life depends on these, and such as these, then American life is not, and for centuries cannot be, interesting. But the making of an empire is—alike for the people who make it and the peoples who see it made—a far more interesting process than the imaginative interpretation of any number of empires fallen into ruins. For the interests touch, not simply the past, but the present and the future, of the human race, and make the largest possible appeal to the really living imagination. In this case the task is so immense that it is sobering a people intoxicated, and justly intoxicated, with the vastness of its possessions.

Into a continent of immense extent and incalculable wealth the nations of Europe have for the past seventy years been pouring their surplus populations. In the beginning of the century the population of the United States was in all only five millions; to-day it is sixty-four. For this enormous increase Europe is mainly responsible. She has within the above period sent over above thirteen millions of men and women, who have there become prolific parents. And the people sent have not always been the choicest. The misgoverned and discontented Irishman, who does not always change his habits and his hates with his country; the crafty Italian, who does not invariably become truthful and virtuous when he learns to speak English; the Russian and the Pole, too long enslaved to become easily wise freemen; the French and Canadian Catholics, who are Ultramontanes first and citizens afterwards—these, and such as these, with their different and even hostile traditions, faiths, ancestries, and all other inheritances of blood and spirit, Europe has given to America as the material out of which she is to build a free and homogeneous Republic. And the men who have supplied the brains, the methods, the institutions by which this is to be done, are the few millions of men, mainly of English descent, who when the century opened inhabited the Atlantic seaboard. The problem is so grave, so vast, yet so imperious, that it is adding year by year the element of tragic intensity to American life, and with this intensity elements of higher interest. The struggle with external enemies that created the romance of Europe is represented for America by the struggle with internal difficulties; and out of the one, as out of the other, romance is sure to come. But meanwhile the dead earnest of the issues is making itself felt in a growing gravity of mind, a greater love of the Commonwealth, and more scrupulous care of the means by which its ideal ends are to be realised. To be conscious of responsibilities is to feel life more interesting; for it becomes the condition of fulfilling them. And this bearing of responsibility on the interest of life is so much the greater that individuals count for so much; and humbleness of origin or of state is no bar to eminence or high office. If the French army under the great Napoleon was inspired by the belief that a possible marshal's bâton was in every soldier's knapsack, so the belief that the child of the log cabin may become the Chief of the White House penetrates the lowliest American homes, and adds to the dignity of the home without subtracting from the honour of the Presidency. And so we have but to conceive the problems and the possibilities of the Republic, to realise how they deepen for America the interest of life.

We have alluded above to the way in which the immensity of the country and its wealth affect the imagination of the people. The effect is seen in a thousand ways—in the speech, the hopes, the modes of living, the general attitude of mind represented by the inevitable question to the stranger; in the methods and scale of business; in the very literature, which is most racy of the soil. The range of territory is, in its bearing on the collective imagination, more than a substitute for the ancient histories and monuments of Europe; it represents an immenser ideal, and a more positive—not one that has been, but is to be realised, and realised by means of the very people who conceive it. It is not the magnificence of Nature that is here potent, but its vastness. Not that America is void of natural grandeur; while it has falls like Niagara, whose sound, in no empty metaphorical sense, may be said to fill the Continent, scenes like the Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley, the claim to possess the sublime in Nature cannot be denied to it. But the strong point in the aspect Nature presents to the American people is vastness; it acts on them—though, of course, with characteristic differences—somewhat as the Vision of Space acted on Kant. Everything helps to keep it before their imaginations. The distances they have to travel, the loneliness of the rural life, the rapid increase of population, the extraordinary discoveries as to the resources of Nature, the variety of products within their own borders, combine to fill their minds with a sense of room, of unexhausted possibilities, of the sort of men and the periods of time required for their exhaustion. If, then, in Europe, history speaks to men through Nature and the monuments she has preserved, in America Nature speaks to men of the infinite possibilities of the histories and monuments yet to be. And so far as this bears on the interest of life, the New World has a higher worth than the Old. It is, indeed, not a worth the conventional imagination can see; but it is one the constructive imagination all the more feels, and all the more translates into an ideal and an interest for life.

But Nature does not stand alone. History is busy in America as elsewhere. Heroism has consecrated places; romance blossoms even on the soil of an almost unpeopled continent. War has come and gone, and the blood which has been shed has made the soil that received it sacred. It is well indeed that the brothers who fought in battles between North and South should forget that they ever fought, and allow the peaceful ploughshare to pass over and bury the fields on which they bled and suffered and hated. But there are other scenes poetry can embalm and romance idealise. The men of New England stock, now a far-scattered race, can never cease to remember Forefathers' Day and Plymouth Rock; the sons of the men who for the good of the English people conquered the third George will not willingly let the deeds of their fathers die. This writer will not readily forget a day he spent years ago in the old town of Concord, and how it affected the generous American friends who were his companions. The town seemed old and staid, with a quiet dignity such as few English towns could surpass, while the writer frankly confesses he knows none that could equal it in varied and grateful memories. We visited together the peaceful home of Emerson, handled some of his books, spoke with those who had known and loved him and created the comfortable and happy peace amid which his life was passed. We visited the old manse whose mosses Hawthorne has made beautiful for ever. We climbed the hill on which the cemetery lies, and found the spot where the Emersons, the Hawthornes, and the Thoreaus sleep sweetly together. We stood beside the church where the sermons were preached which made the faith and inspired the courage of the men who began the War of Liberation. We went as pilgrims to the spot where stands the figure of the minute man, the New England farmer with rifle in hand, powder-sack on back, called from his fields to strike for freedom—a soldier, but a farmer still, resolute for liberty and home, but careless of fame. Beneath the figure, on the base of the column, are fitly inscribed the lines of Emerson—

> "By the rude bridge that spans the flood,
> Their flag to April breeze unfurled,
> 'Twas here the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

And as I stood and watched the effect on my friends, and interpreted their feelings through my own, I felt that even as regards the romance of history, and a past idealised for the heart and the imagination, America needs but time to be the peer of Europe, if not something more. They that contribute to this will add more to the interest of life than will all the arts of æstheticism. A. M. F.

## A NEW PLAY.

"ART, literature, and the drama," writes an observer, "were all represented at Drury Lane on Saturday night, when Messrs. Pettitt and Harris produced their new drama of *A Million of Money*." And so they were—such art, such literature, and such drama as we have to boast of at the

close of a tired century! It is admitted that centuries sometimes nod, and that they are most inclined to the weakness towards the end of their days. It is needless to say with what wakefulness and intensity of dramatic purpose Drury Lane began the period so soon to come to an end. It would only deepen our pity for the senile drowsiness of the closing scene. The century is growing very feeble, or five acts of such unmitigated balderdash as were presented to the patrons of the national playhouse on this precious opening night would never have been hailed by the papers as a new and brilliant success. This points to the unpleasant truth that criticism, too, is sunk in the universal doze. For five acts of balderdash they were, and are—five acts of deep-dyed villainy, of heroic platitude, of thefts of documents, forgeries, eaves-droppings, and stentorian "asides." O the weariness involved in the conception of the milk-sop of an officer, who comes in for the million of money, and who is at once favoured with the close personal attendance of a sort of villain in waiting! The weariness of the bold bad woman who stands in with the villain! The weariness of the wronged wife who believes that the bold bad woman has for ever wrecked her peace! The weariness of the hero's futile attempt to seek an explanation, which in one moment would have set all her doubts at rest! The still more intense weariness of his explanation with the bold bad woman, in which he mouths reproaches at her, which in earlier years he might have addressed to another little boy who had tried to induce him to play truant from school! The absurdity, as well as weariness, of his parting scene with the wife when he has to leave England with his regiment without having time to convince her that he is pure and unstained! This indeed reaches a climax, for it involves a full and free discussion of the most tender secrets of the heart in a barrack-yard, before a whole regiment on the march, and a gaping crowd. There is a further weariness induced by the Cockney clerical student, whose secret bent is towards the music-hall stage, and who has been manufactured out of nothing to fit a funny man with a part. But why go on?

It is not so much a bad drama as a stupid drama—a migration from beyond bridge, where, indeed, at the "Old Vic.," and elsewhere, they have now taken to more refined tastes in recreation. The "Vic." is dead, but it is still "Long live the 'Vic.'" at Drury Lane. Not a single note of vulgarity is wanting. The realistic scenes of a noisy racecourse, and a noisier march of the Guards, are dragged in by the head and heels to brattice up the formless mass of incident wherever it threatens to fall by its own weight of dulness. Just as at the "Old Vic.," we have scenes of painted canvas dropped within a few yards of the footlights while the carpenters are busy with the grand spectacular effects behind. When the characters rub shoulders with their background, and the entire structure of house and street and fair-walled city waves in the breeze from the wings, then may we know what we are shortly to expect. We can afford to be indulgent, for the huge blind will shortly be furled, and we shall behold all the garish glories of a spectacle entirely foreign to any true conception of scenic art. The characters who come and go at random, equally merit our indulgence. They are merely holding the breach for the carpenters and costumiers who are the true master-minds of the piece. They are talking against time, in a drip, drip, drip, of transpontine platitude or music-hall joke which will serve until the ballet-master and the others give the signal that all is ready to translate the paltry canvas which has concealed their movements, to the flies. It might have been thought that we had long since seen the last of this on a stage whose honoured name is suggestive of our highest reach in histrionic art. But we have not. The old century is dreaming out its life, and the coarsest delights of its youth in the slums of drama come foremost in the review.

All this points to a duty for criticism, to a duty which criticism has neglected with a general consent that is a portent in itself. Criticism may not be able to help it. There is the manager, and there are his patrons, and their good understanding seems to dispense with the services of the middleman. The modern principle of stage government is the principle of the referendum to the multitude, and the suffrages of opinion are counted by the check-taker's return. But why does criticism declare that there is nothing to be helped? Why do these most degenerate Elijahs from the newspaper offices come forth to bless this worship of Baal? Why are they so mealy-mouthed? Not one morning journal of Monday spoke of this piece as it deserved. What all thought was but too evident from their very subterfuges of praise, in a critical transaction that was pure hedging from first to last. But none spoke out. All wrote so that the groundlings might infer unqualified approval, and might never be made to feel the shame of their surfeit of vulgarity and bad art. One esteemed contemporary "will not go into the vexed question of originality," but is content to note that the drama is "effective and pure in tone." Why, so it is, and so, beyond all question, is a story in "The Halfpenny Novelette." Purity of tone—such purity as is involved in gush and platitude—you may have it for a farthing nowadays! "When there is no case for taste and judgment, praise for purity of tone"—that seems to be the new critical rule. Another contemporary, equally deserving of esteem, holds that "no reasonable expectation was disappointed," but forbears to shed one tear over the grave of such expectations as were unreasonable in their claims for judgment and sense. Yet another is clear that, if the public liked *Youth* and *A Run of Luck*, they will like *A Million of Money*, and it wanders off into irrelevant praise of the scene-shifter's part of the production. Surely it would be more generous to try a fall with the public on the question of their right to like it. This acceptance of the *fait accompli* is as immoral in regard to vulgar *coups de théâtre* as to wicked *coups d'état*. "The story is always moving," says another, without once taking the trouble to point out that it never moves to any end of dramatic propriety. Such is the penalty we pay for living within a too measurable distance of the 31st December, 1899. Our very guides are tired, and they can show us nothing but how to lose the way. There was an exquisite propriety of suggestion in every incident of that grand opening night. The literature and art that crowded the *foyer* was worthy of the drama it came to see. The "movement" of the story was catching, and there were two fights between the acts. One mountebank, himself almost as grey as the century, undertook to thrash another. "*Hawk, Hawk, Hawk!*" cried the first one, as he brandished the cane presented by Queen Victoria to General Tom Thumb. "Snipe, Snipe, Snipe!" no doubt thought the other, as he requested his assailant to lay aside his liliputian weapon in order that he might receive the "hiding" he had challenged. It is difficult to say whether the play before the curtain or that behind it was the more utterly asinine and vulgar.

## BOHEMIAN HEALTH RESORTS.

### FRANZENSBAD.

THE baths and mineral springs of Germany have long been favourite places of resort for English men and women during the holiday season, and some of them are still crowded with health-seekers from England. Among them Homburg is the most fashionable, owing to the Prince of Wales being a regular frequenter of it.

Those who visit Homburg have first to reach Frankfort. If, instead of taking the train for that place, they take the morning express which runs to Würzburg and Nuremberg, they will reach any of

the most noted Bohemian health resorts in the afternoon or early in the evening of the same day. A few days can be spent to great advantage in either of these Bavarian cities; the cathedral and castle of Würzburg being worth a visit, while Nuremberg is a remarkable old German city. Albert Dürer was born here; and, if Nuremberg were wanting in the historical attractions which render it famous, the fine lines of Longfellow should induce the tourist to visit the city which he celebrated. Three hours after the traveller has left the railway station at Nuremberg he reaches the city of Eger, and a few miles before doing so he will recognise, by the substitution of black and yellow bands on the posts at the railway stations and crossings for the white and blue bands which prevail in Bavaria, that he has crossed the Austrian frontier.

All have to change carriages here, unless they have the good fortune to possess seats in one of the through carriages, of which the number is limited. Luggage is examined by the custom-house officers, who give far less trouble than their Prussian brethren at the frontier towns between Belgium or Holland and Germany. Should Carlsbad be the place of destination, it is reached in the course of an hour and a half from Eger. The journey to Marienbad occupies forty, and that to Franzensbad ten minutes.

Though Franzensbad is the first health resort when Bohemia is entered from Saxony or Bavaria, and has been in high repute since the beginning of the present century, its name, which was given to it by the Emperor Francis I., is less familiar in England than the names of other Bohemian watering-places. It is frequently spoken of as "The Ladies' Bath," and this has a more seductive sound than the name which it bears. In truth, Franzensbad has been the chosen resort during nearly a century of ladies who are delicate and young, and who, though endowed with many charms, are suffering from debility. By undergoing a course of treatment here they regain the strength which they lost. Medical men in Germany and Austria, as well as in more distant countries, among which Russia was the chief, have long been in the habit of sending the fair patient to Franzensbad whom they had failed to cure. The result has been so satisfactory that Franzensbad is regarded on the Continent as a sanatorium for ailing ladies. The progress of the place can best be estimated from the fact that only a few hundred persons came here for "the cure" in 1797, when the first list of visitors was published, whereas the number now approaches 9,000, and increases year after year.

At the outset, Franzensbad was visited by many men as well as women, and among the male patients are numbered some of the most distinguished Germans. In 1803 Herder the historian was a patient. Goethe drank the waters here and studied the geology of the neighbourhood in 1808, 1811, and 1821. As he had a marked liking for beauty in all forms, and the female one in particular, the presence of attractive ladies may have contributed to render his sojourn enjoyable. When Meyerbeer was beginning his splendid career as a composer, he drank the waters at Franzensbad. This was in 1812. Field-Marshal Prince Blücher was a patient in 1815. The list of the notable and noble personages who have undergone a cure in Franzensbad is a long one. For several seasons M. de Giers, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, was a regular visitor, and he was here when the conspiracy in Bulgaria compelled Prince Alexander to leave the country which he had devotedly served.

The number of men who resort to Franzensbad for "a cure" has largely increased during the last ten years, and though fair patients are still in the majority, yet the sterner sex appear to have resolved to share in the benefits of the mineral water and baths. Formerly out of 100 patients 90 were women; the proportion of women to men is now about 70 of the former to 30 of the latter. This change is chiefly due to Professor F. T. von Frerichs, a medical man of high repute in Berlin, who had been in the habit of sending many of his fair patients to Franzensbad during the season. Having fallen into ill-health, he thought that he would try the effect of Franzensbad as a health resort, and he spent five weeks here, leaving it restored to health, and pleased with the place and the treatment. He published an account of his experience, and since then other professional men and laymen have followed his example.

Franzensbad is a small town of 1,200 inhabitants, who live by providing for the wants of the summer visitors. The season begins on the 1st of May, and ends with September. I believe that the chief occupation of the inhabitants during the winter months is counting the days which have to elapse before the season reopens. There are 150 houses, but most of them are vast mansions, and there is ample accommodation for 4,000 visitors. Nearly all the houses are built in or face an extensive park, and the few streets are thickly lined with trees, so that the whole place has a pleasant country aspect. There are eleven springs, which are tonic in their effects; all are cold, and the water in each sparkles with gas. Tastes differ as regards mineral water, but the tastes of those persons must be abnormal who do not pronounce the Franzensbad mineral water palatable and refreshing.

The characteristic ~~and~~ advantage of the Franzensbad mineral springs is that they contain more or less iron in combination with glauber salt, that they act as a tonic upon the debilitated, and that the bilious and dyspeptic regain their appetites after a course of them. Bathing, as well as water-drinking, forms an essential part of the treatment, and a bath in the sparkling water is both agreeable and curative. Many patients who suffer from rheumatism and other pains are ordered to take moor baths. These baths are often called mud baths, but this is a misnomer. A mud bath is formed of a deposit from mineral water, while a moor bath is formed by adding the earth from the moor, or turf deposit, surrounding Franzensbad, to mineral water. This moor earth has been saturated during centuries with the water from mineral springs, and is in fact a mineral product. These baths were first used here in 1823, by the advice of Dr. Pöschmann; and though they are now in use at other places, Dr. Klein, one of the leading physicians here, assures me that no other moor baths are so strong and effective as those of Franzensbad. Certainly, I have heard much testimony in favour of these baths; and if they did not produce good results, they would not be so popular.

The air of Franzensbad is pure and exhilarating. The place is 1,300 feet above sea-level, and the mountain ranges which encompass it are many miles distant, the ground between them being undulating and having a striking resemblance to a rolling prairie of the Far West. Those who are undergoing "a cure" at Franzensbad have their time fully occupied. Others who may accompany patients, or who are present for a change of air and scene, can pass their time making excursions, listening to the band which plays in the park and at the springs twice daily, and enjoying at meal-times excellent fare in the restaurants. The cooking is unlike that of Germany, being equal to the best in Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and no finer cooking can be enjoyed anywhere than in these two cities. There is a small theatre, and there are balls for those who like dancing. A reading-room, which all visitors may enter, contains a large supply of newspapers in all the languages which are commonly spoken, and in some which are not generally understood. Though less visited by the English than Marienbad and Carlsbad, this place has attractions which neither possesses; and though the life here is quiet, it is not boisterous or exciting at the other two. Franzensbad is the first health resort which is reached after entering Bohemia from Bavaria, and the impression made by it is so favourable that many visitors neither long to proceed farther nor desire any other place of temporary sojourn.

## THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

### VIII.—Thomas Hardy.

WHERE amateurs of the novel are gathered together it is common to hear George Meredith and Thomas Hardy spoken of in the same breath. This arises from no great similarity of style in their common work, but, doubtless, from the fact that each holds somewhat the same relation towards his immediate rivals. Neither has the great novel-reading public with him, each enlists the bulk of his readers from the class of adult male persons, and each is the peculiar favourite, in his own generation, of the literary and critical minority. Mr. Meredith is beginning to be seen clearly, in the twilight of approaching posterity; Mr. Hardy is still vaguely one of "our young writers"—a young writer of fifty—and his position is less widely perceived as yet. It is probably by no means less firmly assured. Neither the one novelist nor the other depends for his ultimate niche in literature upon the success with which he has "killed the girls and thrilled the boys" of his own time. Each stands or falls entirely according to the success with which he may have cultivated the highest branches of serious imaginative fiction.

Mr. Hardy became suddenly famous in the middle of the month of January, 1874. The *Cornhill*, then under the genial direction of Mr. Leslie Stephen, began to publish a new novel, which was anonymous, and which bore the curious title of "Far from the Madding Crowd." The *Spectator*, with an odd mixture of acumen and blindness, announced, as a discovery, that this unsigned novel was a new work by George Eliot, whose name was then one to conjure by. All the world discussed the matter, and everybody voted that this promised to be a great book, by whomsoever written. It proved to be the fourth novel of a Dorsetshire architect, some thirty-four years of age, whose previous books few people had noticed. As the story in the *Cornhill* progressed, it captivated all classes of society, and before it was closed, the name of Mr. Hardy was ranked with those of the first living English novelists.

Looking back over sixteen years, it is hard to say whether Mr. Hardy's genius has developed or not since the publication of what remains his most famous book. He has never surprised us so much again, but he has rarely disappointed us. His ten novels may be divided into four classes, and if looked at in that division, they will be seen to give little indication of advance or decline. His two masterpieces are, without question, "Far from the Madding Crowd," 1874, and "The Return of the Native," 1878; in these he has filled large canvases with complete success. A second class consists of novels sketched on the same broad and generous plan, but, for one reason or another, executed with less *bravura*, and more unequal in their evolution; these are "A Laodicean," 1881; "The Woodlanders," 1887; and perhaps "A Pair of Blue Eyes," 1873. Yet another class contains books of smaller compass, but, more obviously than the last mentioned, masterpieces of their kind: "The Trumpet-Major," 1880; "Under the Greenwood Tree," 1872; and, less perfect in its proportions than either of these, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," 1886. Finally come two books which, although full of cleverness, and cleverness characteristic of Mr. Hardy, are yet partial failures, "The Hand of Ethelberta," 1876, and "Two on a Tower," 1882. If this classification be conceded, it will be seen that there has been no definite rise or fall, but a fluctuation due to temperament or choice of subject. In point of fact, the quality of Mr. Hardy's books is singularly steady, and the worst chapter in "The Hand of Ethelberta" is recognisable, in a moment, as written by the author of the best chapter in "The Return of the Native." No novelist of the day, moreover, has produced a body of work so coherent or so little confused by extraneous matter. Mr. Hardy is almost unique in being a novelist or nothing. He is neither a poet nor a theologian, a journalist nor a politician; his reputation lives or dies on the strength of his romances alone. He has put all his clearest visions and deepest experience into this one species of art. Nor has he written to excess; ten books in eighteen years is a modest, and yet a sufficient tale of work; it shows industry without restlessness, activity without the fatal hurry to be rich.

It has been eminently fortunate for Mr. Hardy that he has identified himself with an interesting and wholly unexhausted population. If all that is not directly or indirectly inspired by the people and scenery of the county of Dorset were expunged from his books, they would lose little in bulk and less in value. He is the laureate alike of the open wastes of "The Return of the Native," of the undulating, pastoral country of "Far from the Madding Crowd," of the market-towns, as in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and of those apple-growing parishes of "The Woodlanders," where "the dunghills smell of pomace instead of stable refuse." But all these various districts are part of Dorset, and the county contains other scenes, equally distinct, enough to keep the novelist occupied for the rest of his life. It will be an ill day for us all when Mr. Hardy is persuaded to go north of Shaftesbury or south of Portland Bill for his inspiration. When his books first appeared, so little was known of the quaint bucolic life of Wessex that his admirable peasants were treated as though they were gratuitous inventions. The pleasure which the critics should have had over the scene in Warren's Malthouse—on the occasion when Shepherd Oak, although sensitive himself, was surfeited with the trepidation of Joseph Poorgrass—was spoiled for them by their bewildering doubts of its possibility. But it is generally acknowledged now—as it has been always recognised by those who knew their Wessex—that Mr. Hardy was well within the bounds of truthful observation when he reported or arranged these exquisite dialogues of rural humour. Thus, and scarcely less entertainingly, does the native Westcountryman unquestionably talk when wholly relieved from the presence of quality. These passages it has at length become the fashion to praise, but their Shakespearian richness of humour has never, perhaps, been fully appreciated, and certainly not a slyer and more discreet form of Mr. Hardy's fun, the result of a close observation of simple character. An example may be found in the passage where John Loveday, the dragoon, suddenly gushes into a confidential statement to Anne of how he learned to be a trumpeter. This humour, full-blooded, warm, and rustic as it is, is the very essence of Mr. Hardy's books, and properly balances the poignant undercurrent of their melancholy.

The unpopularity of Mr. Hardy's novels among women is a curious phenomenon. If he had no male admirers, he would almost cease to exist. It is not merely that the mass of girls who let down their back-hair to have a long cry over Edna Lyall or Miss Florence Warden do not appreciate his books, but that even educated women approach him with hesitation and prejudice. This is owing to no obvious error on the novelist's part; he has never attacked the sex, or offended its proprieties. But there is something in his conception of feminine character which is not well received. The modern English novelist has created, and has faithfully repeated, a demure, ingenuous, and practically inhuman type of heroine, which has flattered womankind, and which female readers now imperatively demand as an encouragement. Mr. Besant gives this type to them in perhaps her most unsullied and unearthly guise. But Mr. Hardy's women are moulded of the same flesh as his men; they are liable to flutterings and tremblings; they are not always constant even when they are "quite nice;" and some of them are actually "of a coming-on disposition."

This feminine realism, which, whether the ladies are pleased or no, is one of the author's charms, would probably have been excused, however, if Mr. Hardy had not shown a proclivity towards placing a more unique and singular species of womanhood as the central figure of each of his books. She is dignified and capable, like Bathsheba; she is a belated pythoness, like Eustacia; she is an innocent adventuress, like Mrs. Charmond; or she is a delicate razor cutting hones, like Lucetta. But these variations are external, and all these ladies belong to the same family. All are women lifted by circumstances a little distance out of their sphere—educated too highly for it, rendered too fine for it, yet excluded from a superior status, which they are too simple to succeed in reaching. Very often they are contrasted, in their tragic failure, with their humbler and less intelligent sisters, and the novelist loves to show that their beautiful and dignified heads, lifted into solitude above their fellows, offer a special aim to the shafts of ill-fortune. In that most curious and, to the critic, most valuable and suggestive book, "Desperate Remedies"—Mr. Hardy's anonymous first attempt at a story—this ruling vision of the writer's comes out with a sort of grotesque violence in the figure of Miss Aldclyffe, and is contrasted with Cytherea, precisely in Mr. Hardy's accepted later manner.

Besides his ten great oil-pictures, Mr. Hardy has occasionally hung up in his gallery a water-colour sketch of extraordinary charm and quality. Of these studies, as they may be called, "Interlopers at the Knap," which appeared in 1884, will occur to everyone as a typical example. But Mr. Hardy has written one short story so complete, so admirable in execution, so novel and brilliant in conception, that it raises him for a moment to the level of Tourgéneff himself. If all his works but one were doomed to perish, he might safely depend for immortality on "The Three Strangers," 1883, with its unrivalled picture of the sheep-stealer jammed into the shepherd's chimney-corner, hob-nobbing there with his own intended hangman. From the first word to the last, this amazing little composition never flags for a moment. It is not a small thing that it contains the best of the group of Mr. Hardy's peculiarly happy pictures of country parties. But its highest merit consists, of course, in the tension of its wild emotion, raising common scenes and common speakers, in the midst of their ludicrous humours, to the heights of tragedy. It is said that short stories are beginning to be appreciated in England, as they are in France and in America. If so, Mr. Hardy may be encouraged to tell us more of his admirable Wessex tales.

No sketch of Mr. Hardy is complete without a reference to his landscape. In only one book, in "The Return of the Native," has he allowed himself to give way, without restraint, to his impassioned love for the scenery of his county. The description of Egdon Waste, however, which opens that novel, is scarcely more beautiful, though larger and more elaborate, than the vignettes which adorn his other books so frequently. No English novelist of our day approaches him in the richness and variety of the natural colour his books suggest. Most radiant and sparkling of all, in this way, is "The Trumpet-Major," whose "Thrilling York Hussars" light up the deep green landscape throughout with their brilliant uniforms; but the "Woodlanders," with its rosy orchards pervading the long misty valleys, comes next to it. That Mr. Hardy's talent has its limitations is obvious; in these few words it has not been necessary to dwell on that fact. A place in the first rank of the world's novelists is hardly to be claimed for him—at least, at present. But he is one of the very few living English writers who can be measured with the great masters without sinking into insignificance; and if his strongly defined, consistent, charming gift is not to be designated genius, we may as well resign that word as obsolete and not suited to our degenerate age.

## A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

### XIX.—No Thoroughfare.

I WANTED change—change of air and scene—and I was seeking for a cheap substitute for them. It was natural that I should visit the French Exhibition, the home of counterfeit climates. I switch-backed furiously through a range of canvas mountains, and tried between the jerks to dream of the Engadine; I did my best to cheat myself with pictured parts of Paris; I visited that Eastern wild where swarthy Arabs live to the Lancers and die to Adagios. Yet as I passed out through the turnstile, I felt that my efforts had been vain; I could not rid myself of the impression that I had been in London all the time. I wandered up the North End Road and off to the right in the direction of Putney. It cheered me to read that the Fulham Road was closed. It was only that morning that my omnibus had gone exceedingly deviously because Fleet Street was up. I liked to think that others had to suffer inconvenience—I mean, that I could sympathise with them over an annoyance which I myself had felt. As I went further on, I reflected that I was going where neither cab nor omnibus could follow me, and I began to realise what the feelings of the privileged classes must be; nor was I only pleased at the extension of my sympathies—all around me were workmen doing the most interesting things; the road was putting off the old macadam and putting on the new wood pavement; and one could see all this without paying anything. The cheapness of the spectacle allured me, and I have since enjoyed it frequently. I have even fancied at times that I have found here the change which I was seeking; the smell of tar has much the same simplicity and directness that may be found in the smell of a village duck-pond; the most rural road could not be more impassable than this; in the most retired hamlet it could not be more difficult to hire a cab.

I liked best to watch the men at work. One sees the road in every stage of completion. In one section you hear the rhythmical beat of the hammers on the iron spikes that loosen the old road, the click of picks, and the scrape of shovels. It is work which calls forth great energy from the workers, and which it is inspiriting to watch. To see other people working hard is always exhilarating. In another section the old material has all been cleared away, and there is a bed of cement, wet, smooth, and shining, waiting to receive the wooden blocks. These blocks are piled up in a low wall running along the edge of the pavement. In a third section the blocks are being put down; occasionally a workman chops a piece off a block to make it fit better. This practice does not seem quite fair, until one remembers that this is not a puzzle or an exercise for ingenuity. In another place a sort of thick black soup is being ladled out of cauldrons, and swept over the surface of the blocks which have been already laid down. I have not used the technical terms in describing this road-making, because I thought that the average reader might not understand them; also, because I do not happen to know them myself. There are plenty of spectators there, and they are mostly critical. I noticed two boys of ten or eleven, who seemed to know all about it. The leading spirit of the two was smoking a cigarette, and seemed to feel his own importance; but the world had apparently few other delusions for him. He might condescend to watch the making of a new road, but he was not optimistic or enthusiastic about it. In fact, he looked almost sorrowfully at the gangs of workmen.

"They 'ont get it done in theer corntrac' toime. They cawn't do it, Bill."

"Cawn't they?" said Bill. The knowledge of affairs shown by the other's remark, and also by his cigarette, seemed to wake a spirit of emulation in Bill. He also felt called upon to prove himself a man of the world. "Got a speer bit o' baccy?" he added with artistic carelessness.

"I might 'ev a bit, or I mightn't; I'cawn't say till I see." The beauty of the answer was in its implications. He fished out of one pocket an old match-box, and opened it. "I've got more'n I thought—'elp yerself."

He held out the box to Bill. Now I feel confident that up to this moment Bill had intended to keep the thing up properly—to smoke a cigarette, and pity people, and show a knowledge of affairs. But when he saw that precious match-box extended innocently towards him, a sudden impulse of sheer boyishness overcame him. He smote the match-box from underneath, sent it flying into the air, and burst into a roar of undignified laughter.

"Just wait one minute, will yer?" said the aged smoker, as he gathered up his treasure from the road. "I'll give yer what-for for that, my boy." Bill did wait; I believe the other boy was subsequently sorry that he had detained Bill.

I have also seen the workmen in their hour of repose. They can apparently sleep under considerable difficulties. A sack on a loose heap of rubble forms the couch. The man lies flat on his back with his hands under his head. His hat is tilted a little forward to keep the sun out of his eyes. His clay pipe droops in one corner of his mouth; even in sleep his teeth do not loose their hold of it. Other men make themselves something which is almost an easy-chair by tilting a wheelbarrow. After a morning at road-making, I should think it would be possible to sleep almost anywhere.

At night the scene is weird, solitary, and romantic. The light from the lanterns or furnaces is dim and wavering, the kind of light which at a little distance makes inanimate objects seem to be living and moving. One feels how easy it would be to murder the policeman who has just passed—there are plenty of pickaxes near at hand—and to destroy all traces of the crime by the help of one of those furnaces. Perhaps the same idea has occurred to the policeman; he looks very suspiciously at me. I could not in any case have made use of the furnace, because I see now that there is a watchman seated in front of it. His head rests on his hands, and he appears to be asleep. He turns round sharply when he hears my footstep, and he too looks at me suspiciously. By the time I have reached Walham Green I know precisely how a condemned murderer feels. This in itself is a kind of change—not perhaps quite as good as a fortnight at the sea-side, but some relief in a career of monotonous innocence.

## TO LADY NOVELISTS.—III.

"But what, it will be asked, became of Lady Dolly? *O! tempora O! mores, mutabantur illis*, for in the calm sweet-faced Sister Jane of Guy's no one now recognises the once proud and beautiful daughter of Frederick Altamont."

YET I think you do our acumen less than justice. Strange indeed is the change that has come over imperious Dolly since that eventful wedding on horseback; and the hair that then kissed his thirsty lips, as it floated in the breeze, now lies smooth on her calm brow. But still we seem to know her at once, and we sigh as we hand the book back to the gentleman at Mudie's, and ask for a happy ending instead. We had taken a peep at the last chapter, being suspicious because the work was brought from downstairs, where the Unhappys are kept.

Do you know how the novels are classified at Mudie's? They are first divided into Happys and Unhappys; and if you want a Happy, you should deal exclusively with the fair-haired clerks. Dark hair in a clerk means "Unhappys this way." So quick, however, are these young men at knowing from your countenance whether you want a Happy or an Unhappy to-day, that the right colour of hair is nearly always the first to address you. The pick of the Happys are kept on the counter, according to merit of title and while still warm. Happys of the first class, but seven days or so old, are stored within the clerk's easy reach for such readers as have missed a week, but are anxious to make up by riding hard. Though the Happys (guaranteed just out) can be fingered by subscribers, you must not read more than three of them while the clerk's back is turned. This rule is solely for the good of the public, as it has been found that endings only, and many at a time, have the effect of green chartreuse. As for the Unhappys, they are not allowed upstairs. Among the many subdivisions of the Unhappys, P, Room K, is what we want at present. P, Room K, is exclusively devoted to heroines who help to man (if that is the right word) what the dark clerks call (technically) the Lady Novelists' Ward at Guy's. Here, unless she has been taken away as a Happy by some unfeeling brute of a footman, we shall find your Lady Dolly. Please look around. Perhaps you will be surprised to find that there is a whole bookcase (18 feet by 12) of heroines who began life in the merriest way and are now nurses. Do not be cast down because Dolly is less original than you thought. You are undeniably wrong in saying that in Sister Jane no one would recognise the once proud and beautiful Dolly; but the other books say that too. She may not be Dolly with them, but otherwise *et hoc genum omnus*.

Thus you must accept my word for it that Dolly is recognised even at Guy's by the library public, whether they are A to M's, or N to Z's. I have forgotten to tell you that, at Mudie's, readers of Happys are technically known as A to M's, while readers of Unhappys are N to Z's. But I, who revel in your works, so that they call me an A to Z, do not need to turn to the last chapter to recognise Dolly in her nurse's dress. Before ordinary readers even know what sort of girl Dolly is—say, before she has slipped when coming downstairs, and fallen into his strong arms (Chap. V.)—I have foreseen her end. It is a sort of second sight with me, and I am seldom wrong, except when the publisher marries them quietly without letting on. You show me Dolly burying the guardsman in a hay-stack, and you tell me to listen to her merry laugh as he lazily weaves her a waist-band of straw (Chap. III.). I look and I hear, *but I am not deceived*. Now she is smoking cigarettes, and his deerstalker sits jauntily on her fair young head (Chap. VI.). You have me with you *con amoris*, but I am still able to look ahead. You produce the wedding-ring (sometimes), and flash it before my eyes. Madam, I think this splendid, but I know better than to be dazzled by it. You said there was a lake in the grounds, and I know that into that lake the ring will go, as certainly as if I had Volume III. with me, and so could look the scene up. You tell me she is as plump as she is pert, and I reply that she will presently be as thin as she will be gentle. You "must now retrace our steps," to show that her ancestors all married happily. This may blind some, but I am aware that we have merely returned to the picture gallery because you felt that you were going too quickly. In short, though in one sense you carry me along, in another I am always in advance of you. All the time I am as sure that she is to end flitting calmly through Guy's, as though I had caught her answering the advertisements. *Verb. est sap.*

The ill-informed have strange notions of the hospital nurse. They actually think that before she becomes a nurse at all she must serve a long term of probation, even although she was jilted in the most barefaced manner. I positively lose patience with them when they say they don't believe the hospital management would make an exception in favour of a heroine. "However passionately she loved in vain," they say, "she would have to serve as a probationer first." "What!" I reply, "even if she had shot him in a fit of rage?" "Even then," they insist. "Surely," I say, "a girl who has killed a man, because she loved him too well, suddenly acquires all the knowledge of nursing that is needed at Guy's; but if you are still sceptical, go along to the hospital

and ask to be shown the Lady Novelists' Ward. You will find it full of heroine nurses, all gliding gently from bedside to bedside." "Nurses have more to do than glide gently," the ignorant reply. You and I know better.

It is not really second sight, so much as a knowledge of the world (gathered, I frankly admit, from your pages), that enables me to forecast the lady's future. A girl, unless exceptionally beautiful, cannot become a nurse in a day. So far you and I agree with the ill-informed. But while they talk of "probationers," we know that the lady serves her apprenticeship for nursing before she has ever seen a hospital, and while the thought of becoming a nurse has never crossed her mind. They say that she cannot graduate as a nurse unless she has already proved useful in the hospital. We know that *everything depends on the man*. He is the factor, *sinus qua non*. Thus, *cæteran paribus*, she becomes a nurse—

(*a*) If she loved him so passionately that she treated him scornfully, and so drove him to Zululand, where he fell with twenty bullets in his breast.

(*b*) If she was an actress until she found (too late) what true love was.

(*c*) If he proposed in a dark night (or shrubbery), and made the awful blunder of mixing her and her sister up. In this case the hospital is sure of one of them—the sister if he explains his mistake, Dolly if he considers himself bound in honour to marry the sister.

(*d*) If on the wedding morning he does not turn up, and they search for his body in vain.

(*e*) If the other girl refuses to let him off.

(*f*) If he never told his love, but merely kissed her tenderly, and then walked thoughtfully away.

## THE WEEK.

THE deadly dulness of the publishing business in September apparently paralyses the fancy of the lively people who contribute literary gossip to the evening papers. For now every Saturday most of our evening journals have their "literary" column, from which the unlearned reader may derive at times startling information regarding books that are forthcoming, books that have come forth, the writers thereof, and the meaning withal. But when there are no new books coming from the press; when even the "indolent reviewer" can lay his paper-knife aside, and start for Switzerland or Margate on his annual holiday, and when trade in the book market is at a standstill, what is left for the purveyor of literary gossip but to go out of town with the rest of the world?

Now "out of town"—if it be only out of town as far as Tunbridge Wells—is a delightful spot at this season of the year, but it is hardly the place in which to gather those choice items of news in which the literary gossip delights. Such items are to be picked up chiefly within a mile of Covent Garden, and are altogether unknown on Surrey hill-sides or Kentish cliffs. So your purveyor of literary gossip is hard driven in these warm September days for the wherewithal to fill his column. Sometimes he fills it with matter which is so obviously inappropriate that it suggests a certain definition of what "matter in the wrong place" usually is. At other times he falls back upon the venerable stock conundrums of the literary world, and casts "more light upon the identity of Junius."

MR. ANDREW LANG, one of the latest victims of the difficulty of making bricks without straw, has boldly set a paper on "Vanity Fair" for his readers. It is a very good paper, too; though it recalls somewhat forcibly a similar exercise on "Pickwick" with which the Cambridge undergraduates of a former day were familiar. Another writer—this one contributing to a provincial paper—discusses the question of the personal identity of certain of the characters in CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S novels. That is an interesting topic, and one which might be discussed at length, but for the fact that very few writers of fiction draw actual portraits when they are painting their characters. It is certain that CHARLOTTE BRONTË was no exception to the rule. The original Rochester—who was believed by sundry simpletons of the day to be THACKERAY—was a blunt Yorkshire manufacturer, who was as completely incapable of Rochester's crime as of his depth of emotion. It was only a hint or two that his character gave to the author of "Jane Eyre." All the rest was filled in by the aid of the writer's wonderful imagination. And so Shirley, in the glorious book of that name, though she was *meant* to be an exact copy of EMILY BRONTË, was not like the real EMILY at all, but was only an idealised posthumous sketch of EMILY as she seemed to the sister who looked back upon her through a tender mist of tears. It would be easy to give the names of the "originals" of many more of CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S characters, if anybody wished to hear about them nowadays.

A CHARGE of plagiarism against a writer in the *Spectator*, which was made in one of the evening papers last week, will strike anyone familiar with the secrets of journalism as irresistibly funny. It suggests the question, Can a man plagiarise himself? That in turn suggests a story which MR. AUGUSTUS HARE has been heard to tell. He was staying in Rome when one of the English Princes, the DUKE OF ALBANY if we remember aright, was also visiting the Eternal City. The valuable help of MR. HARE was not unnaturally sought by the Prince when he went sight-seeing, and so it happened that the delightful writer of the many "Walks," the DUKE OF ALBANY, and one or two gentlemen in attendance on the latter, found themselves in company one day in one of the palaces, the Duke and the others listening with attention to MR. HARE as he pointed out to them the best pictures and told them something of their history and merits. By-and-by, members of the "general public" hearing some intelligent talk going on, quietly joined the party, regarding the identity of which they knew nothing, and by the time the end of the gallery was reached, the accomplished *cicerone* found himself surrounded by a small crowd. There were murmurs of "Thank you," and some attempts at applause, when his description came to an end. But at that moment a gentleman more acute than his fellows darted forward and spoke aloud. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I wish to expose an outrageous impostor. I can prove that the person who has just been telling you about these pictures has stolen every word he uttered from the writings of MR. AUGUSTUS HARE!"

CARMEN SYLVA must have been delighted on arriving at Llandudno to find that a gathering of Welsh bards was taking place in the immediate neighbourhood. Everything that is national, legendary, characteristically poetical, has for her a particular charm. One of her latest literary performances has been the writing of a volume of Roumanian poems and songs, taken down from the mouths of the peasants in the Roumanian villages by one of the ladies of her court: and a very beautiful poem in sixteenth-century French, which Her Majesty addressed some years ago to the Society of Félibrés, in declination of an invitation to be present at the floral games of Languedoc, showed how much she regretted her inability to attend this meeting of the bards of Provence.

THE word "Félibré," which is to be found neither in LITTRÉ'S Dictionary, nor (naturally) in the Dictionary of the French Academy, signifies, according

to a dull—or more probably a malicious—writer in LAROUSSE'S "Dictionary of the Nineteenth Century," a "book-maker," from *facere* and *liber*. A more acceptable origin of the word is *fides* and *liber*, or, in Provençal and Spanish, *fé* and *libré;* the Félibré being, according to this truer view, one who is not shackled by rules and conventions, but who, speaking from the depth of his heart, says "freely" what he "believes." The first President of the Felibrigium or Félibrige, as the Institute of Félibrés is called, was MISTRAL, the famous Provençal poet on whose "Mireille" is founded the finest of the operas next to *Faust*.

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THE Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office should be instructed to provide a copy of JOHNSON'S Dictionary—or any equivalent substitute thereof—for the use of members of public Committees, Royal Councillors, and of Treasury officials. The want of some such handy "guide to knowledge" is likely to cost the public a good round sum. The committee appointed last session to inquire into the method of taking the coming census furnishes a case in point. Hitherto it has been the custom to have a column in each householder's return headed, "Rank, occupation, or employment"—a very simple dissection of the position of each inmate. The name of the stern critic or stalwart Radical to whom the word "Rank" gave rank offence is not recorded, but the fact remains that it was ordered to be expunged. In its place another column was ordered to be inserted with the heading "Employer or employed." Anything more bewildering than such an alternative it would be difficult to submit to the ordinary mind. Is the headmaster of a school, appointed by a body of trustees, but appointing his own undermaster, an employer or employed? To which category does the captain of an ocean-going steamer who engages his own crew belong? How is a bank manager to be classified? We might cite a dozen more cases, if necessary, but the mischief is not only that we shall have a far worse census return than ten years ago, but that it will cost a great deal more. Each additional column means an enlarged size of paper, as well as increased ruling and printing, and as some eight millions or more forms have to be prepared, the fatuousness of the alteration becomes apparent.

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THERE is a fine opportunity for the Society of Incorporated Authors to try its 'prentice hand and to find out if the Treasury is more squeezable than the ordinary British publisher. Some years ago MR. LOFTIE was asked to compile a small handbook of the Tower of London—of which the Stationery Office was to have the right of sale as well as of publication. MR. LOFTIE did his work well, and was paid the munificent sum of (we believe) £75. Of course the Stationery Office took whatever risk was attendant on the publication; but having previously "squared" the War Office and the Constable of the Tower, and "boycotted" every rival guide, the risk could not have been one from which any publisher would have shrunk. It now appears from the returns of the Stationery Office, that the net profits on the sale of the Tower Guides—for there are two editions of it, one at sixpence and the other at a penny—vary from £500 to £700 per annum, and the receipts seem to rise steadily every year. It may be said that MR. LOFTIE got all he asked, or rather all that the Treasury would consent to pay; but that same argument, when advanced by publishers, has been held by the "friends of literature" to be the basest way of evading a moral obligation. If there be any such obligation on the part of the publisher to share with the author the fruit of the latter's good work, here is an opportunity for a display (on compulsion) of public morality or official conscience, which would serve as a standard for private individuals, and would doubtless cheer many a self-conscious "incorporated author" on his thorny way.

WHAT advantage is there in having an opera or operetta written expressly for London by a French author and a French composer, as compared with the more familiar process of taking the work ready made from the French stage? In the latter case the English manager is enabled, at least in a great measure, to judge whether the perfected work, as performed at Paris, is likely to suit the English taste. When he orders the production beforehand, he runs the risk of getting such a piece as *Captain Thérèse* furnished to him; of which, without exaggerated patriotism, we may fairly say its music could have reflected credit on no English composer; while its libretto, based on a pointless and almost unintelligible story, would have brought any English dramatist into disrepute. The foreign author or composer, when he is imprudently asked to write for the English stage, does not certainly give us of his best; and, to judge by examples, one might go so far as to say that he generally casts upon us his very worst. VERDI is too honourable a man to be suspected, in the execution of a contract, of supplying consciously inferior wares. But the setting of SCHILLER'S *Robbers*, which, under the title of *I Masnadieri*, he furnished to Her Majesty's Theatre in the days of JENNY LIND, was much below the average standard even of that distant period. As much may be said of the two libretti written for Her Majesty's Theatre by the illustrious SCRIBE, who was such a master of stage-craft that he scarcely ever made a mistake. In the cases, however, of *Florinda* and of *La Tempesta*, he was powerfully aided by his musical collaborators, THALBERG and HALÉVY—especially THALBERG, the composer of the now absolutely forgotten *Florinda*.

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THE only foreign author, living abroad and unacquainted with English ways of thought, who, during the last sixty years and more, has written for the English stage a work fit to live, is HEINE, who prepared for MR. BENJAMIN LUMLEY a story of a ballet which was to have been produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, but which, as it included in one of its principal scenes a dance executed by DAVID before the Ark, was never brought out. It was to have been called *Mephistophila;* the idea having occurred to HEINE that Faust might just as effectively have been tempted by a female as by a male Mephistopheles. HEINE'S ballet-libretto might yet be made serviceable. It includes a series of tableaux illustrating the history of dancing; but in one scene Mephistophila summons from the other world all the most beautiful women who ever lived, without, of course, forgetting Helen of Troy, of whom, as in the old legend, in MARLOWE'S tragedy, and in the second part of GOETHE'S dramatic poem, Faust becomes enamoured. In HEINE'S complete works, what was originally called *Mephistophila* is published under the title of *Der Doktor Faust*.

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MR. STORY-MASKELYNE has discovered that Liberalism has ceased to exist. "The Liberals of a few years ago are the Conservatives of to-day." This is pretty well for a Liberal Unionist, and as a piece of political education it may be classed with the wisdom of a correspondent of the *Standard* who tells us that the modern Conservatism is "Macaulayism," because MACAULAY supported PALMERSTON'S foreign policy and opposed the lowering of the suffrage.

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THOSE who would acquire a knack of picturesque writing should study the emotions of the newspaper correspondents at Leeds (given to the world last Wednesday) at the sight of MISS DOWIE. MISS DOWIE read a paper, entitled "Some Notes on a Journey in the Carpathians and Ruthenia," to the

Geographical Section of the British Association, and her hair was arranged on the principles of free design and a general tendency outwards (whatever that may mean). The members of the British Association were all so excited that they spoke to each other without waiting for introductions. A matron asked the *Daily News* correspondent—but no matter. It is more to the point that before MISS DOWIE had spoken two minutes "she had bound us all together—women and men alike—by an electric band that ended with herself." Now that must have been very nice.

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"THE low, sweet voice (which even the Mathematical Section must admit to be an excellent thing in woman); the real and the simulated *naïveté* (one as good as another); the original thoughts, the pretty bits of petticoat (we beg pardon—portico); the artistic description of places and peoples, the witty criticisms built upon a concrete of common sense, the information running, warp and woof, through the entire fabric—the paper, in short, from beginning to end gave us one of the most delightful treats ever enjoyed at a British Association meeting." "But," he proceeds, "this paper is to be published either as a magazine article or as a book, and it would not be fair to infringe too much upon the moral copyright." What sort of beast a moral copyright may be is not deponed, but it has at least this one point of resemblance to MRS. TODGERS' idea of a wooden leg, that it would be a good thing to know about.

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GENTLEMEN who amuse themselves with coaching will be interested to learn that they receive wages for driving the public without losing caste. A Paris journalist informs his readers that the *fonction* of driver and guard, "même payée, ne déclasse pas un *gentleman*." This is better than the story of the retired vice-consul who drove a Bayswater omnibus, and entertained the fortunate passenger on the box-seat with anecdotes of the diplomatic world.

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ONE day this week a lady was seen walking up St. James's Street escorted by a gentleman, and attended by what, as seen from a club window, appeared to be an otter. At all events it was not a dog. There was the usual gaping crowd of boys and idlers in the wake of the little party. Perhaps there is nothing very wonderful in the fact of a tame otter being selected as the companion of its mistress in her rambles in the streets. Still it would be well to know where the limit is to be fixed at which private pets of this kind are to be permitted to appear in public. In a great castle in the north a few years ago, a guest was almost frightened out of her wits at the breakfast-table by the sudden bounding upon it of half a dozen white rats of large size. They were the pets of the daughter of the house. As young tigers, raccoons, bears, and lion-cubs, not to speak of monkeys of every kind, are also converted into domestic favourites, the prospect would be an alarming one if the example of the lady and her otter were to be widely followed.

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"'SHTRIP, bhoys!' sez I. 'Shtrip to the buff, an' shwim in where glory waits!'" This was the classic language of PRIVATE MULVANEY at the taking of Lungtungpen. And when the town was taken and the conquerors formed up by the light of the morning sun, "'twas the most ondasint parade I iver tuk a hand in. Foive an' twenty privits an' a orficer av the Line in review ordher, an' not as much as wud dust a fife betune 'em all in the way of clothin'." We have improved on this, if the account of the Cavalry Manœuvres in the *Daily Graphic* be trustworthy. "In the Churn Brigade," we read, "the swimming practice is to be tried for the first time. . . . It is understood to be SIR EVELYN WOOD'S intention to witness this work, and even, it is rumoured, cross with the 1st Squadron. Bathing dresses have been provided for the men, *it being determined that the swim shall be at once practical and decorous.*"

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

## THE MAYOR OF GANTICK.

ONE of these days I hope to write a treatise on the Mayors of Cornwall—dignitaries whose pleasant fame is now night, remembered only in some neat by-word or saying of the country people. Thus you may hear, now and again, of "the Mayor of Falmouth, who thanked God when the town gaol was enlarged," "the Mayor of Market Jew, sitting in his own light," or "the Mayor of Calenich, who walked two miles to ride one." But the one whose history perplexed me most, till I heard the truth from an eye-witness, was "the mad Mayor of Gantick, who was wise for a long day, and then died of it."

It was an old tin-streamer who told me—a thin fellow with a shrivelled mouth and a back bent two-double. And I heard it on the very hearthstone of the Mayor's cottage, one afternoon, as we sat and smoked in the shadow of the crumbling mud wall, with a square of blue sky for roof, and for carpet a tangle of brambles, nettles, and rank grass.

It seems that the village of Gantick, half a mile away, used once in every year to purge itself of evil. To this end the villagers prepared a huge dragon of pasteboard and marched out with it to a sandy common, since cut up by tin-works but still known as Dragon's Moor. Here they would choose one of their number to be Mayor, and submit to him all questions of conscience and such cases of notorious evil living as the law failed to provide for. Summary justice waited on all his decisions; and as the village wag was usually chosen for the post, you may guess that the horse-play was rough at times. When this was over, and the public conscience purified, the company fell on the pasteboard dragon with sticks and whacked him into small pieces, which they buried in a small hollow called Dragon Pit; and so returned gladly to their homes to start on another twelve months of sin.

This feast of purification fell always on the 12th of July; and in the heyday of its celebration there lived in this cottage a widow-woman and her only son, a demented man about forty years old. There was no harm in the poor creature, who worked at the Lanihorne slate-quarries, six miles off, as a "hollibubber"—that is to say, he loaded the carts that carried away the refuse slate. Every morning he walked to his work, mumbling to himself as he went; and though the children followed him at times, hooting and flinging stones, they grew tired at last, finding that he never resented it. His mother—a tall, silent woman with an inscrutable face—had supper ready for him when he returned, and often was forced to feed him, while he unlocked his tongue and babbled over the small adventures of the day. He was not one of those gifted idiots who hear voices in the wind and know the language of the wild birds. His talk was merely imbecile; and, for the rest, he had large grey eyes, features of that regularity which we call Greek, and stood six-foot-two in his shoes.

One hot morning—it was the 12th of July—he was starting for his work when an indescribable hubbub sounded up the road, and presently came by the whole rabble of Gantick with cow-horns and instruments of percussion, and in their midst the

famous dragon—all green, with fiery, painted eyes and a long tongue of red flannel. Behind it the prisoners were escorted—a pale woman or two with dazed, terrified eyes, an old man suspected of egg-stealing, a cow addicted to trespass, and so on.

The Mayor was not chosen yet, this ceremony being deferred by rule till the crowd reached Dragon Moor. But drawing near the cottage door and catching sight of the half-witted man with his foot on the threshold, a village wit called out and proposed that they should take "the Mounster" (as he was called) along with them for Mayor.

It hit the mob's humour, and they roared assent. The Mounster's mother, standing in the doorway, went white as if painted.

"Man in the lump 's a hateful animal," she said to herself, hoarsely. "Come indoors, Jonathan, an' let 'em go by."

"Come an' rule over us," the crowd invited him, and a gleam of proud delight woke in his silly face.

"The heat—his head won't stand it." The woman looked up at the cloudless sky. "For God's sake take your fun elsewhere," she said.

The women who were led to judgment looked at her stupidly. They too suffered, without understanding, the heavy sport of men. At last one said—

"Old woman, let him come. We'll have more mercy from a mazed man."

"Sister, you've been loose, they tell me," answered the old woman, "an' must eat the bitter fruit o't. But my son's an innocent. Jonathan, they'll look for you at the works."

"There's prouder work for me 'pon Dragon's Moor," the Mounster decided, with smiling eyes. "Come along, mother, an' see me exalted."

The crowd bore him off at their head, and the din broke out again. The new Mayor strutted among them with lifted chin and a radiant face. He thought it glorious. His mother ran into the cottage, fetched a bottle and followed after the dusty tail of the procession. Once, as they were passing a running stream, she halted and filled the bottle carefully, emptying it again and again until the film outside the glass was to her liking. Then she followed again, and came to Dragon Moor.

They set the Mayor on a mound, took off his hat, placed a crown on his head and a broomstick in his hand, and brought him the cases to try.

The first was a grey mare, possessed (they alleged) with a devil. Her skin hung like a sack on her bones.

"'Tis Eli Thoms' mare. What's to be done to cure her?" they asked.

"Let Eli Thoms buy a comb, an' comb his mare's tail while she eats her feed. So Eli 'll know if 'tis the devil or no that steals oats from his manger."

They applauded his wisdom and brought forward the woman who had pleaded just now with his mother.

"Who made her?" he asked, having listened to the charge.

"God, 'tis to be supposed."

"God makes no evil."

"The Devil, then."

"Then whack the Devil."

They fell on the pasteboard dragon and belaboured him. The sun poured down on the Mayor's throne; and his mother, who sat by his right hand wondering at his sense, gave him water to drink from the bottle. They brought a third case—a boy who had been caught torturing a cow. He had taken a saw, and tried to saw off one of her horns while she was tethered in her stall.

The Mayor leapt up from his seat.

"Kill him!" he shouted, "take him off and kill him!" His face was twisted with passion, and he lifted his stick. Astonishment made the crowd fall back for a second. The old woman leant forward and touched her son softly on the leg. He stopped short: the anger died out of his face, and he shivered.

"No," he said, "I was wrong, naybours. The boy is mad, I think; an' 'tis a terrible lot, to be mad. This is the Devil's doing, out o' doubt. Beat the Devil."

"Simme," said one in the crowd, "the sins o' Gantick be wearin' out the smoky man at a terrible rate."

"Ay," answered another, "His Naughtiness bain't ekal to Gantick." And this observation was the original of a proverb, still repeated—"As naughty as Gantick, where the Devil struck for shorter hours."

There was no cruelty that day on Dragon's Moor. All the afternoon the mad Mayor sat in the sun's eye and gave judgment, while his mother from time to time wiped away the froth that gathered on his lips, and moistened them with water from her bottle. From first to last she never spoke a word, but sat with a horror in her eyes, and watched the flushed cheeks of this grown-up, bearded son. And all the afternoon the men of Gantick brayed the Devil into shreds.

I said there was no cruelty on Dragon's Moor that day. But at sundown the Mayor turned to his mother and said—

"We've been over-hasty, mother. We ought to ha' found out who made the Devil what he is."

At last the sun dropped; a shadow fell on the brown moors and crept up the mound where the mother and son sat. The brightness died out of the Mayor's face.

Three minutes after, he flung up his hands and cried, "Mother—my head, my head!"

She rose, still without a word, pulled down his arms, slipped one within her own, and led him away to the road. The crowd did not interfere; they were burying the broken dragon, with shouts and rough play.

A woman followed them to the road, and tried to clasp the Mayor's knees as he staggered.

His mother beat her away.

"Off wi' you!" she cried; "'tis your reproach he's bearin'."

She helped him slowly home. In the shadow of the cottage the inspired look that he had worn all day returned for a moment. Then a convulsion took him, casting him on the floor.

At nine o'clock he died, with his head on her lap.

She closed his eyes, smoothed the wrinkles on his tired face, and sat watching him for some time. At length she lifted and laid him on the deal table at full length, bolted the door, put the heavy shutter on the low window, and began to light the fire.

For fuel she had a heap of peat-turves and some sticks. Having lit it, she set a crock of water to warm, and undressed the man slowly. Then, the water being warm, she washed and laid him out, chafing his limbs and talking to herself all the while.

"Fair, straight legs," she said; "beautiful body that crept to my breast, forty years back, and thrilled me! How proud I was! Why did God make you beautiful?"

All night she sat caressing him. And the smoke of the peat-turves, finding no exit and no draught to carry them up the chimney, crept around and killed her quietly beside her son. Q.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### "NECESSITY" AND "DESIGN" IN NATURAL RELIGION.

DEAR SIR,—Every serious reader who has got beyond the strife of sects, and whose eyes are strained toward that dim horizon upon which the lights of religion, philosophy, and science are beginning to converge, must be indebted to the writer upon "Natural Religion" in your last issue. The article is doubly valuable, because while projecting us in such brief time over so great a space toward the problem of problems, it also shows how rapidly we are progressing in the really rational investigation of the deep mysteries which beset mankind behind and before. If the usual argument for Deity and Design were of this character, Materialism would soon be a rapidly diminishing quantity.

The criticism of Mr. Mallock seems to be destructive of that

gentleman's peculiar position. But there is an older and wider standpoint affected by the argument that there is no necessary but only a historical connection between natural events—the standpoint which almost seems to be that of the writer himself, that of "Natural Religion." Your contributor will easily see that his theory makes it especially difficult to account for evil and imperfection. He has to see in each step, in each phenomenon of the natural order, the direct prompting of the Supreme and All-Good. The difficulty is obvious. Moreover, if this argument for a piecemeal process of creation does not make it altogether impossible to view the world-growth as in accordance with one grand consistent design, it weakens, almost fatally, the impressiveness of those scientific generalisations (I am thinking especially of organic evolution) which have hitherto seemed to afford the most important proof of design.

Your contributor suggests several objections. "The apparition of sex," he says, "is a breach of continuity"—from which we are led to infer that it is a direct gift from the outside Supreme Being. But even if present-day biologists were to agree to declare sex to be "a breach of continuity," we have no surety that their successors will not be able to bridge the gulf, just as they themselves have bridged the greater gulfs in the line of being which yawned before the last generation of investigators. And is the argument for the existence of God made stronger by the presumption of an "apparition" which is a breach in the continuity of His own Design? The answer is the same in the innumerable other instances which might have been suggested by your contributor. Science has not said her last word in explanation of Nature's wonders, of course; but every word which she has so far said discourages the idea that those wonders represent so many interventions in the chain of design (call it "law" or "ordered force," if you will), of which we have evidence.

I am not suggesting that the disputed Necessity reigns eternally, or that "these (natural) laws have always existed or will last for ever;" but simply that while they do exist (as they demonstrably do) there is an undoubted necessity in their operation. This idea seems to me to be essential to a natural religion. Weighing, humbly but earnestly, so far as is yet possible, the course of natural events upon the balance of conceivability, I cannot but reject the proposition that natural law so ill expresses the Divine Will as to render repeated interventions necessary. Religiously, as well as scientifically, an intervention in the course of evolution implies a contradiction. What we call evolution is our imperfect vision of the Divine Design; and it seems to me to be impossible to conceive of the Supreme Will operating otherwise than continuously and of necessity. Whether that necessity is eternal in past and future, I do not dare to suggest. For the present it is the one sure thing, driving man ever onward to an unknown but necessary goal; and your contributor recognises this promise upon the lips of Nature when faith prompts him to tell us that "there *must be* correlation between desire and fulfilment."

THEIST.

September 8th, 1890.

## CANON LIDDON.

9TH SEPTEMBER, 1890.

OH, tongue most eloquent!—now dumb for aye!
Oh, heart most loving!—pulseless now and cold!
Thy God has led thee in His own good way
And crowned with heavenly glory, not with gold.

Oh, thou!—so moved with human grief and pain!
Who wept the sinner, but condemned his deeds;
Serenely *now* thou walk'st the heavenly plain
Where wage no wars of doubting, clashing creeds.

But we must miss, must mourn thee, who have heard
Thy tender pleadings and thy words of flame!
Who've sat, in saddened silence, spirit-stirred,
To hear thee show man's glory—and his shame!

Oh! who can speak, like thee, with tongue of fire,
The solemn message that the prophets told?
Who tell the loving grace, the justice dire
Of Him—the great All-Father, feared of old?

*Here*—where I sit to mourn—I sat to hear,
And tears will start (although I seldom weep)
To think with what dread joy—what reverent fear
Thou wilt, with thy great Master, Easter keep.

Thou hast the gain; and we, alone, the loss;
Well run thy race—the victor's crown is won,
And He, whom thou hast served beneath the Cross,
Thy Risen Lord, shall greet thee with—"*Well done!*"

ELODIE L. M.

St. Paul's, Tuesday Afternoon.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

*Friday, September 12th*, 1890.

AMONGST the many *bizarre* things that attended the events which led up to the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, was the circumstance that Lord Castlereagh's private secretary during the period should have been that Mr. Alexander Knox whose Remains in four rather doleful volumes were once cherished by a certain school of theologians.

Mr. Knox was a man of great piety, some learning, and of the utmost simplicity of life and manners. He was one of the first of our moderns to be enamoured of primitive Christian times, and to seek to avoid the claims of Rome upon the allegiance of all Catholic-minded souls by hooking himself on to a period prior to the full development of those claims.

It is no doubt true that, for a long time past, Nonconformists of different kinds have boldly asserted that they were primitive; but it must be owned that they have never taken the least pains to ascertain the actual facts of the case. Now Mr. Knox took great pains to be primitive. Whether he succeeded it is not for me to say, but at all events he went so far on his way to success as to leave off being modern both in his ways of thought and in his judgments of men and books.

English Nonconformity has produced many hundreds of volumes of biography and Remains, but there is never a primitive one amongst them. To anyone who may wish to know what it is to be primitive, there is but one answer: Read the Remains of Alexander Knox. Be careful to get the right Knox. There was one Vicesimus, who is much better known than Alexander, and at least as readable, but (and this is the whole point) not at all primitive.

And it was this primitive, apostolic Mr. Knox who is held by some to be the real parent of the Tractarian movement, whose correspondence is almost entirely religious, and whose whole character stands revealed in his Remains as that of a man without guile, and as obstinate as a mule, who was chosen at a most critical moment of political history to share the guilty secrets of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh. It seems preposterous.

The one and only thing in Knox's Remains of the least interest to people who are not primitive, is a letter addressed to him by Lord Castlereagh, written after the completion of the Union, and suggesting to him the propriety of his undertaking the task of writing the history of that event—the reason being his thorough knowledge of all the circumstances of the case.

Such a letter bids us pause. We cannot quote it. Like our betters, we write away from books, save those we brought with us; and Knox's Remains are too ponderous luggage for so primitive a pilgrim as the present writer; but the letter when examined will bear out my paraphrase.

By this time we know well enough how the Act of Union was carried. By bribery and corruption. Nobody has ever denied it for the last fifty years. It has been in the school text-books for generations. But the point is, did Mr. Knox know? If he did, it must seem to all who have read his Remains—and it is worth while reading them only to enjoy the sensation—a most marvellous thing. It would not be more marvellous were we to learn from Canon Liddon's long-looked-for volumes that Mr. Pusey was Mr. Disraeli's adviser in all matters relating to the disposition of the secret service money and the Tory election funds. If he did not know anything about it, how was he kept in ignorance, how was

he sheltered from the greedy Irish peers and borough-mongers and all the other impecunious rascals who had the vending of a nation? And what are we to think of the foresight of Castlereagh, who secured for himself such a secretary in order that, after all was over, Mr. Knox might sit down and in all innocence become the historian of proceedings of which he had been allowed to know nothing, but which sorely needed the cloak of a holy life and conversation to cover up their sores?

It is an odd problem. For our part, we believe in Knox's innocence. Trying very hard to be worthy of the second century was not good training for seeing his way through the fag-end of the eighteenth. Apart from this, it is amazing what some men will not see. I recall but will not quote the brisk retort of Mrs. Saddletree at her husband's expense, which relates to the incapacity of that learned saddler to see what was going on under his nose. The test was a severe one, but we have no doubt whatever that Alexander Knox could have stood it as well as Mr. Bartoline Saddletree.

Another strange incident connected with the same event is that the final ratification of the Act of Union in Dublin was witnessed by and made, as it could not fail to do, a great impression upon the most accomplished rhetorical writer of our time. De Quincey, then a precocious boy of fifteen, happened by a lucky chance to be in Ireland at the time, and as the guest of Lord Altamount, an Irish peer, he had every opportunity both of seeing the sight and acquainting himself with the feelings of some of the leading actors in the play, call it tragedy, comedy, or farce, as you please.

De Quincey's account of the scene, and his two chapters on the Irish Rebellion, are to be found in the first volume of his "Autobiographic Sketches," and make excellent reading both in town and out of it.

De Quincey hints that both Lord Altamount and his son, "who had an Irish heart," would have been glad if at the very last moment the populace had stepped in between Mr. Pitt and the Irish peers and commoners and compelled the two Houses to perpetuate themselves. Internally, says De Quincey, they would have laughed. But it was written otherwise in Heaven's chancery, and "the Bill received the Royal assent without a muttering or a whispering or the protesting echo of a sigh. . . One person only I remarked whose features were suddenly illuminated by a smile—a sarcastic smile, as I read it—which, however, might be all a fancy. It was Lord Castlereagh." Can it possibly be that this was the very moment when it occurred to his lordship's mind that Mr. Knox was the man to be the historian of the event thus concluded?

The new edition of De Quincey's writings now in course of publication has naturally provoked many critics to attempt to do for him what he was fond enough of doing for others, often to their dismay—to give some account, that is, of the author and the man. De Quincey is as hard to hold as the Old Man of the Sea. He eludes analysis and baffles description. His great fault as an author is best described, in the decayed language of the equity draughtsman, as multifariousness. His style lacks the charm of economy, and his workmanship the dignity of centralisation.

A literary spendthrift is, however, a very endurable sinner in these stingy days. Mr. Mill speaks somewhere (I think in his "Political Economy") almost sorrowfully of De Quincey's strange habit of scattering fine thoughts up and down his merely miscellaneous writings. The habit has ceased to afflict the reader. The fine maxim, "Waste not, want not," is now inscribed over the desks of our miscellaneous writers. Such extravagance as De Quincey's, as it is not likely to be repeated, need not be too severely reprobated.

De Quincey's magnificence, the apparent boundlessness of his information, the liberties he takes, relying upon his mastery of language, his sportiveness and freakish fancies, make him the idol of all hobbledehoys of a literary turn. By them his sixteen volumes are greedily devoured. Three weeks will see daylight through them. Happy the country, one is tempted to exclaim, that has such reading to offer its young men and maidens!

The discovery that De Quincey wrote something else besides the "Opium Eater" marks a red-letter day in many a young life. The papers on "The Twelve Cæsars," on the "Essenes and Secret Societies," on "Judas Iscariot," "Cicero," and "Richard Bentley," "The Spanish Nun," the "Female Infidel," the "Tartars," seemed the very climax of literary well-doing, and to unite the learning of the schools with all the fancy of the poets and the wit of the world.

As one grows older, one grows sterner—with others.

> "Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
> That o'er thee swell and throng;
> They will condense within thy soul
> And change to purpose strong."

The lines have a literary as well as a moral value.

But though paradox may cease to charm, and a tutored intellect seem to sober age a better guide than a lawless fancy, and a chastened style a more comfortable thing than impassioned prose and pages of *bravura*, still, for all that and all that, were the practice of saying grace before books ever to become prevalent, he would indeed be a churl who was not willing to declare himself truly thankful for Thomas de Quincey and his Selections Grave and Gay.

A. B.

## REVIEWS.

### FOR STUDENTS OF CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University. Volume I. Boston, London, Leipsic. 1890.

THIS is strictly a volume for scholars, and even then not for the more exoteric scholar, the educated person who is fond of the classics, but exclusively for professional students of Greek and Latin. It suggests a German rather than an English model. In England we are diffident about publishing anything on the classics (short of a direct commentary on a book) unless we think that it has some quality that makes it complete in itself and readable for its own sake. It must be either a book on a whole subject, or a new point of view likely to astonish people, or a brilliant piece of writing on some of the old lines. We are only beginning to realise for literary subjects generally what students of science have long reduced to practice—that there is a quiet, everyday work of the scholar, in which publication is eminently useful without being in any way remarkable, or likely to be noticed by the general public. Points are constantly turning up, which have no completeness in themselves, but are wanted to fill up our knowledge of something else. It is found that they are incompletely treated in the books; there is nothing left to do but to go over them afresh and note the results for the benefit of fellow-students. The present book is a very respectable example of this kind of work; but the general reader, even the general reader who knows

Greek and Latin, must be warned that it contains nothing for him.

The larger part of the book is taken up with "philology" in the narrower sense, *i.e.*, grammar, usage of language, etymology, textual criticism. Mr. W. W. Goodwin *(clarum et venerabile nomen)* writes on "The Origin of the Construction of *οὐ μὴ* with the Subjunctive and the Future Infinitive." He starts from *μὴ* with the subjunctive, meaning "I suspect that," and explains that *οὐ* denies the whole of such a phrase, *e.g.*, *μὴ ληφθῶ δόλῳ* means "I fear I may be caught," and *οὐ μὴ ληφθῶ* means "It is not a case of *μὴ ληφθῶ*." In short, he adheres to the old explanation "*οὐ δέος ἐστὶ μὴ*;" only he leaves out the *δέος*. As to the future (*οὐ μὴ καταβήσει*), he assumes that it did not begin to be used until the subjunctive had become a mere formula for strong denial; in other words, that *οὐ μὴ καταβήσει* rests on direct imitation of *οὐ μὴ καταβῇς*, and never had any primitive *μὴ καταβήσει*. Mr. Goodwin also writes on "Some Disputed Points in the Construction of *ἔδει, χρῆν*, etc., with the Infinitive," dealing with the exceptions to the general rule that *ἔδει ἂν* means "It would have been your duty if so and so had happened, but as a fact it was not," whereas *ἔδει simpliciter* means "It was your duty but you did not do it." Like a true scholar, he gives up the classification founded on English syntax, and allows the Greek uses to classify themselves into (1) forms without *ἂν*, where "the infinitive is the principal word, on which the force of the expression falls;" and (2) forms with *ἂν*, where "the chief force falls on the necessity, propriety, or possibility of the act, and not on the act itself." Mr. Albert A. Howard writes on "The Use of the Perfect Infinitive in Latin with the Force of the Present." In the nature of the case, no exact conclusion is possible, but Mr. Howard is inclined to think that the construction was, in its origin, always future-perfect in its meaning, *e.g.*, that "*Neiquis bacanal habuise velet*" (*S.C. de Bacchanalibus*) means "Let no one complete a celebration" (until he has done something else). Mr. George M. Lane writes notes on three passages of Quintilian, dealing with points of Latin pronunciation, and incidentally emends I. 4. 16, restoring a tragic quotation *nutrix Culcidis*. Mr. Clement Lawrence Smith suggests *egregium publice locum* for the *egregium publicum* of Tac. Ann. III. 70. 4. Mr. George M. Richardson notes various peculiarities in the language of Vitruvius, nearly all of them colloquialisms avoided by his Augustan contemporaries. Mr. Greenough gives some Latin etymologies, most of them not only ingenious but convincing, especially the explanation of *provincia* as the "function of a *provincus*," *i.e.*, a general "engaged in the front," and the derivation of *probus* from *pro* and *fuo*, paralleled by *superbus*, and supported by the Umbrian *f* in *amprufid*.

Only two studies are devoted to literature. Mr. Harold N. Fowler analyses the literary sources of Plutarch *De Tranquillitate*, with, on the whole, a negative result. Plutarch does not depend so entirely on Democritus and Panætius as has been supposed, but has used anthologies whose collectors we can no longer trace. Mr. Herman W. Haley writes on "The Social and Domestic Position of Women in Aristophanes." He collects all the passages very carefully, and doubtless the work was very profitable to himself as an exercise, but it does not deal with any new question, or throw any light on any old dispute; in short, it scarcely deserves a place in this volume.

There are also two studies in archæology. Mr. Greenough discusses the meaning of *fauces* with reference to Vitruvius and the Pompeian houses, and adheres to the old explanation of "entrance," as against the modern heresy of "side-passage." Mr. Morris Morgan contributes the only essay not written in English, "*De ignis eliciendi modis apud antiquos*." We cannot see what he gains by writing in Latin, especially when he has to describe a lucifer match and a bow-drill; still less do we see why he should fall foul of the innocent Wimmer because he calls refraction "*refractio*," instead of "*id quod Græci κατάκλασιν appellabant*." If anybody was to be objurgated, it should have been Sir Isaac Newton. But his matter is worthy of all praise. Leaving aside the prehistoric or anthropological side of the subject, he collects all the historical evidence from literature and archæology. Perhaps the most interesting of his many little researches is his reconstruction of the instrument for lighting fire by reflected sunshine, with the accompanying discussion of the passage where Plutarch describes the instrument.

There is an appendix of "Notes," on the words *ψαῦος, fænisicei, φορτικεύομαι, ἀρτύω, ellum;* and on the passages Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 180—184; Herodotus VI. 57; Martial V. 78. 32. Most of the suggestions seem very reasonable, especially that *ψαῦος* should be *φαῦος*, and that in the passage of Aristophanes "180 should be put after 183, and the words *ὠώπ, παραβαλοῦ*, should be given to Xanthias."

## THE HERO OF LA VENDÉE.

HENRI DE LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN ET LA GUERRE DE LA VENDÉE: D'APRÈS DES DOCUMENTS INÉDITS. Paris. 1890.

THIS handsome volume, published anonymously, tells one of the most pathetic stories in modern history. Whether we regard it as the career of a young hero or the struggle of an outraged people for their religion and their liberty, the narrative of the war in La Vendée must always awaken our deepest sympathies. It appeals equally to the Tory and to the Liberal; to the one by the cause which was so gallantly defended, to the other by the pure spirit of independence which has often inspired the martyrs of a noble creed. At the same time the book has not much to teach us that is new. The "unpublished documents" are neither many nor important; even the attentive reader of these three hundred and odd pages will not learn much more than he could have acquired from easily accessible sources. Perhaps the greatest novelties are the full accounts of the young soldier's death and the official narrative of the recognition of his remains.

The war in La Vendée is one of the few instances of successful national resistance which meet us in the epoch of the Revolution and Napoleon. During the Revolution we see a strong tendency to imitate Paris. Whatever excesses are engendered in that hotbed of excitement are but too faithfully reproduced in the provinces. Similarly Napoleon depended for his success in the conquest of Europe on the vulnerability of capitals. From his earliest campaigns to his latest, sometimes with the reckless audacity of a filibuster, he made straight for the heart of the nation. Milan, Vienna, and Berlin received him as conqueror in turn. His daring rush was generally successful. Thrice, however, he encountered the resistance of a nation, and the third time was fatal. The conquest of Madrid was not the subjugation of Spain, nor was the occupation of Moscow the abasement of Russia. At last, even patient Germany caught fire from these examples, and the First Empire perished in the war of liberation.

The physical and social characteristics of La Vendée lent themselves to a struggle of this nature. The country was divided into the plain, the bush, and the marsh; the latter, like the fens of Cambridgeshire, formed a natural camp of refuge. It was intersected by canals thirty or forty feet broad, over which the armed peasant jumped with the aid of a leaping pole. If this was impossible he threw himself into a flat-bottomed boat and disappeared among the reeds. The *Bocage* or Bush was a contrast to the rest of France. It was covered with hills of moderate height, intersected by narrow but shallow valleys, the streams of which coursed through their granite beds either towards the Loire or towards the ocean. It was covered, as its name implies, with a thick growth of wood. Every field was surrounded by

a solid hedge, interspersed with pollarded trees. Here and there houses with tiled roofs and church towers were visible through the foliage. Only one high road passed through the district. The by-paths were only known to the inhabitants. There were no large towns in the *Bocage*, and but few villages, only innumerable dairy farms of small rental. The nobility lived in modest *châteaux* and in simple style; their luxury was a good dinner, and their amusement the chase. They lived on the most familiar terms with the peasantry, and shared their cares and amusements. On Sunday there was dancing in the courtyard of the castle, in which the ladies were not too proud to take their part. These happy manners produced a simple, pious race, full of fun and of courage, pure in morals, stainless in honour. Crime was unknown, lawsuits were rare. They were devoted to their lords and to their priests.

Yet after the end of the war Westermann writes of these very people to the Committee of Public Safety: "Vendée exists no more, citizen Republicans; it lies dead under our sabre of freedom, with its wives and its children. I have just buried it under the marshes and the woods of Savenay, according to the orders which you have given me. I have crushed the children under the horses' hoofs, and have massacred the women, who, as far as they are concerned, will give birth to no more brigands. I have not a prisoner to reproach myself with—I have exterminated all. A brigand chief was killed by a quartermaster. All my hussars have the rags of the brigands' standards tied to the tails of their horses. The roads are covered with corpses. There are so many that in several places they form a pyramid. At Savenay there is constant firing, for at every moment brigands arrive who desire to surrender themselves as prisoners. Kléber and Marceau are not there. We make no prisoners; we should have to give them the bread of liberty, and pity is not a revolutionary virtue." Did ever piety and devotion meet with so terrible a chastisement? Henri de la Rochejaquelein was an epitome of the virtues of his countrymen. Dying at the age of twenty-one, he had already gained the reputation of a great general. "Who can tell what would have become of him?" said Napoleon at St. Helena. His career is unstained by a single fault, except that of over-modesty; for if his advice had been pressed his countrymen would never have crossed the Loire in their fruitless march into Brittany, and after their single victory at Laval they would have retreated to their homes, where alone they could fight with any hope of success.

We must send our readers to the pages of this book for the many thrilling episodes of this painful tragedy—Henri's first summons by the voice of a peasant to join the peasant army, his appeal to his men, "If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I die, avenge me;" his scaling of the walls of Thouars mounted on a peasant's shoulders. At Saumur, he throws his cap into an entrenchment, cries out, "Who will fetch it for me?" and jumps in the first himself. His peasants' follow, and the camp is won. The battle of Entraignes was gained against some of the best generals of France, set free by the surrender of the fortress of Mainz—Kléber, Marceau, and Savary, who must have been ashamed at having to take part in such work. La Rochejaquelein was in the field for fourteen hours. The conquerors mingled cries of "Vive M. Henri!" with those of "Vive le Roi." His death was marked by the same chivalry and disregard of self. He called upon a soldier to surrender who held out his musket for him to take, and at the moment when he grasped the barrel shot him in the face. He was the Bayard of modern France, without fear and without reproach. It is painful to think that decisive action on the part of the English Cabinet would have saved his life, and the cause for which he died, and that if a British fleet had been present in the Port of Granville the Vendéans would not have risen and perished in vain.

## MONCURE CONWAY ON NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Moncure D. Conway. (Great Writers Series.) London: Walter Scott. 1890.

Larger books than this booklet have been already written on Hawthorne, and no doubt will be hereafter, even if the promise of an exhaustive biography from Mr. Lowell's pen is never to be redeemed. We question, however, whether anyone will get nearer to the central mystery of Hawthorne's enigmatical personality than Mr. Conway will conduct him, by no subtlety of psychological analysis, but by simply recording what he finds, without effort to harmonise its contradictions. We have still to reconcile as we can the shy recluse with the business-like and, if need were, belligerent Custom House officer; the *virtuoso* in the portrayal of sin and suffering with the sunny narrator of the charming myths of the virgin world; the practical apologist of slavery with the enthusiast of Brook Farm. Even the magnificent physique of the man, contrasted with his comparatively early death from sheer lassitude and decrepitude, seems to involve a contradiction. Hawthorne was a more intricate problem than any he propounded; and remains, like Balzac's shagreen skin among the scientists' racks and solvents, proof against this nineteenth century's unexampled apparatus for plucking out the heart of a mystery.

In one respect, however, Mr. Conway brings us more light. He has been fortunate enough to republish—as we infer, for the first time—some early contributions of Hawthorne's to the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*. These exquisite essays exhibit such an affinity to Charles Lamb as to suggest that one writer may be auxiliary to the apprehension of the other. The contrasts in Lamb's character and genius, his gaiety, his gentleness, his innocence, his heroic self-devotion, side by side with invincible weaknesses and a life of deepest tragedy, suggest a parallel which it must be left to others to work out. That a spiritual kinship does exist, we are certain. Lamb's course in public affairs, had he been an American, would have been as disappointing as Hawthorne's. Pure and disinterested minds exist to which the politics of the patriot are unintelligible. Lamb could appreciate Shelley as little as Hawthorne could appreciate Garrison. It does not seem reasonable to expect ardent political feeling from so self-concentrated and introspective a nature; and Hawthorne's one appearance in the field of politics was wholly characteristic of the man. His campaign biography of General Pierce was written to discharge a private, not a public duty, a duty, too, which—here differing from Mr. Conway—we must hold to have been really incumbent upon him, unless his public conscience had protested, which it certainly did not. As Mr. Conway himself remarks (conscious, we hope, of the compliment to the much-abused and certainly not always exemplary President Pierce), Hawthorne would have got his Liverpool consulate without his campaign biography; and we shall not censure a possibly overstrained application of a noble maxim: "It is the one base thing to receive and not to give."

It was long before this maxim seemed to commend itself to the American people in their dealings with the supreme literary genius of their country. Four years after publication, "Twice-told Tales" had not paid its expenses. Hawthorne's own "twice-told tale" recounts two successive appointments to the Custom House, both under such conditions as to render literary work impossible, and of both of which he was deprived by the application of the "spoils system." "Now you can write your book," observed his wife, when the blow came. And he did; but while the grass grew the steed starved. Ere the "Scarlet Letter" was completed Hawthorne had to be rescued from ruin by the unsought generosity of friends. Despondency had nearly driven him to renounce

authorship when the insight of a publisher, Mr. Fields, detected promise and potency in the germ of his novel. The "Scarlet Letter" was helped into being by the publisher's genial insistency, and Hawthorne took his place among the great writers of America, which yet had no better public reward for him than another uncongenial office. It was not until his emancipation from the Liverpool consulship that the creative impulse revived; and the discomfort he underwent in it occasioned that injustice towards England which his countless friends in this country ever regretted, though they never resented, but which we now learn with pleasure was far from representing his ultimate frame of mind. "Una longs for England, and so do I," he wrote shortly before his death.

This is a sample of the things which render Mr. Conway's book welcome. It is a delightful *causerie*—pleasant, genial talk about a most interesting man. Easy and conversational as the tone is throughout, no important fact is omitted, no valueless fact is recalled; and it is entirely exempt from platitude and conventionality. Mr. Conway is rather Hawthorne's friend than his votary, but his estimate of the writer and the man is fully adequate. We sometimes wish for more penetrating and detailed criticism on Hawthorne's literary performances; but the reflection that within Mr. Conway's limits this must have involved curtailment of the personal element of the book disposes us to welcome things as we find them. It is only to be regretted that the Cinderella of Hawthorne's fiction, the misprized "Septimius Felton," still awaits the fairy prince.

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

Handbook for Lincolnshire. London: John Murray. 1890.

Eastward from the line of the Great Northern Railway as far as the German Ocean, lies a broad tract of country not often visited by travellers, and almost unknown to the general public. By slow degrees we are unlearning the physical geography of our childhood. Now we know that Central Africa is no uniform expanse of barren sand, but is a land of mountains, and waters, and wondrous living things; now, with the aid of Mr. Murray's latest handbook, we may learn something of a district nearer home, and may contrast the actual Lincolnshire as it really is, with the damp and dismal Lincolnshire imagined by novelists and historians. Lincolnshire has its fenlands and its marsh-lands, knee-deep not in mud, but in corn and mangel-wurzel; but it has also uplands and valleys of its own, rich with plenteous variety of form and colour. In a ten-mile ride we may exchange the scenery of Belgium for that of Sussex, while the names of the villages and the faces and words of the strong-built rustics leave us wondering whether we are in Denmark or in England. The county has holy places of its own, and saints of its own, both past and present; and reverent pilgrimages are made by holiday excursionists to Winceby and Gainsborough, to the birthplaces of Hereward and Newton, and to the "witch-elms that counterchange the floor of the flat lawn" in the garden of the rectory house which was the early home of Tennyson. We have seen Mr. Murray's new handbook, and we have put it to a crucial test. We have imagined a party of foreign visitors landing in the Humber, and personally conducted by ourselves, from Grimsby to "Burghley House by Stamford Town," and from Stamford Town by way of Boston and Spalding to the Wash. We know our ground well; and as a purely imaginary party can afford to disregard considerations of time and money, we led it out of the direct route as often as there was a commanding hill to be mounted, or a fine church to be examined, or a place of historic interest to be visited. When we had brought our strangers to the end of their journey, we took down our Murray from its shelf, and by the help of the excellent index at the end of it, let him guide us over the ground which we had previously trodden in imagination. We found the work carefully and accurately done; nothing of any consequence was omitted, and no pains had been spared to bring the information up to date. In the short preface, events are chronicled which have occurred between the writing of the book and its publication. Intending visitors to Lincolnshire will find the new red volume a pleasant and useful companion; and it may serve to suggest to men in search of new ground for their autumn holiday that there is a good deal in Lincolnshire "besides foul weather," and that the second largest county in England is second to none in historical interest, second to none in scientific interest, and second to few in the nobleness of its native population, and in its wonders of form and colour, which reveal themselves to those who will take the trouble to come and see them. *Wir heissen euch hoffen.* We advise you to buy or borrow a copy of the new Murray, and lay out in it the details of your intended autumn tour. Do not visit Lincolnshire to verify your Murray; come and see the sights of Lincolnshire, and go to Murray for the explanation of them.

## "SCOTLAND'S AIN GAME."

History of Curling, Scotland's Ain Game, and Fifty Years of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. By John Kerr, M.A., F.S.A. Scot., Minister of the Parish of Dirleton. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Golf, known to the scoffer as "Scotch croquet," is generally understood to be the national game north of the Tweed. But Scotland has another game as good or even better, and twice as national, although one national game might have been considered enough for so serious a population. This game is Curling, the "roaring game," or, as an enthusiast has described it, the "health-restoring, strength-renovating, nerve-bracing, blue-devil-expelling, incomparable game." Curling is "Scotland's ain game," as whisky is Scotland's ain drink and the kilt is not Scotland's ain and only wear. If there should ever be a "Wild North" Exhibition at South Kensington, the show would be incomplete without a few rinks of curlers; and if the game were played with proper energy, as it is on native ice, even without dukes or popular peers as "skips," it would infallibly draw. We would back a "bonspiel" of "keen, keen curlers" to make as much noise as Arabs or cowboys; their various attitudes would be not less striking and strangely picturesque; and their cries would be equally unintelligible. Indeed, the very attractiveness of the game as a spectacle has hitherto frustrated all attempts to introduce it to the public ice of London. Two such attempts are recorded by the latest historian of the game, whose book is before us. One was in 1811, on the New River, when such a crowd gathered round the players that the ice began to crack and they had to desist. A similar overpowering curiosity was manifested in 1847, when two Scotch members of Parliament, Gibson-Craig and Fox Maule, tried to get up a game on the Serpentine. The game proved too attractive for the strength of the ice.

Mr. Kerr, the minister of Dirleton—"frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's there's nae curlers like the clergy"—is a fresh and racy historian of this fascinating game. The occasion of his volume was the jubilee of the Royal Grand Caledonian Club, which is just one year younger than Her Majesty's happy reign, and is a sort of High Court of the 20,000 curlers of whom Scotland can boast, constituted somewhat after the model of the General Assembly of the Kirk. In the preparation of the work Mr. Kerr has had at his disposal all the documents of all the curling clubs of Scotland, and consequently the modern part of his history, with its detail of clubs and "bonspiels" and celebrities and humours, is not likely to have much interest "furth of Scotland," though within Scotland it is sure to be warmly appreciated, as it deserves to be. But in his ancient history Mr. Kerr is on more general ground, and proves himself, in his acute, fair, and patient sifting

of myths and traditions, a worthy countryman of Hume, Robertson, and Carlyle. His first undertaking is to prove that curling is really "Scotland's ain game," indigenous to the country, and not imported by Flemish immigrants. There is no trace of any ice-game at all like it in the Low Countries, and this alone is conclusive; for to suppose that the game could once have been invented and afterwards fallen into disuse is abhorrent to reason. The only known ice-game at all like it is the Bavarian "ice-sticks," and this, of which Mr. Kerr prints a full description, is only so far like it as to suggest a common ancestor older than the dispersion of the Teutonic stock. The early advocates of the Flemish origin founded their theory on terms used in curling, which seems to have been originally called *kuyting*, or *coiting*; but that was only their imperfect philology, the terms being really Lowland Scotch, and having their kin in Anglo-Saxon as well as in Flemish. Mr. Skeat, indeed, by a reference to whose dictionary Mr. Kerr might have strengthened his argument, is inclined to suspect a French origin for the Lowland Scotch *quoit* or *coit*.

The truth seems to be that curling as a fashionable pastime is of comparatively recent origin. When Pennant, the great pioneer of touring in Scotland, saw and described the game in 1773, it was obscure, rustic, occasional, unorganised, and played with stones from the brook, of nature's shaping and polishing, fitted with rough iron handles. Curling cannot claim the fashionable antiquity of golf. Its first authenticated royal patron is the late Prince Consort, and Mr. Kerr does not know for certain whether he was more than a nominal curler. Mr. Kerr disposes effectually of the pious belief that it was patronised by the Stuarts before the union of the Crowns. He goes like a ruthless scientific historian to the books of the Lord High Treasurer, and like a "nerve-braced" keen curler to the ancient Scottish poets. He quotes from Sir David Lindsay's "Dream":—

> "Now auld and cauld Januar in dispyte
> Reiffis from us all pastyme and plesour:
> Allace! quhat gentyll hart may this indure?"

Indisputably, curling was unknown to the Court of James V. "What curler," Mr. Kerr pertinently asks, "would give 'auld Januar,' were it only 'cauld' enough, for all the other months of the year?"

Mr. Kerr consoles curlers for depriving them of the tradition of royal countenance by reminding them that both golf and football came under the ban of the Scottish Parliament because they interfered with the practice of archery, the art of national self-defence. Curling, he says, "'the child of day, of honour, and of sociality,' has no antecedents like these to be ashamed of, and we ought to be proud that it has come down to us with no stain upon its character." It is an honest folk-sport, originally practised only with nature's implements, on frozen lochs and ponds when work was impossible, and not brought within the pale of fashionable games till modern machinery was able to fashion the hardest of stones into a perfect circular shape and fit them with a polished sole that would carry them true and far over the ice. We must seek for the origin of the game, as Mr. Kerr says, among cottars rather than among kings.

All along curling has had, and, much more than golf, it retains, a really national character, bringing all classes and conditions together in hearty rivalry and fellowship as no other game does. Among the earliest curling heroes whom Mr. Kerr's research has discovered in the seventeenth century are a Bishop of Orkney, who was reproved by sour ecclesiastical authority for playing on Sunday, and a sturdy Covenanting minister who used this innocent recreation, "which," his biographer says, "at the same time contributed to preserve a vigorous health, and while in frequent conversation with the best of the neighbouring gentry, to bear in upon them reproofs and instructions with an inoffensive familiarity." And curling still keeps up its equalising and harmonising character. An Episcopalian bishop may still be seen sweeping (or, more correctly, *soopin'*) the stone of a Presbyterian minister. A duke may "skip" to the lead of his stud-groom. All men are equal on the ice except in skill; as a late esteemed poet and professor sang of the first "bonspiel" at Lochwinnoch:—

> "Auld Reekie's top-sawyers, the lang-headed lawyers,
> And crouse Glasgow merchants are loud i' the play;
> There are lairds frae the east, there are lords frae the west,
> For the peer and the ploughman are marrows to-day."

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## MINOR VERSE.

1. The Prelude. By Harold Burrows. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.
2. Verses. By Gertrude Hall. London: William Heinemann. 1890.
3. Verses and Thoughts. By Florence Severne. London: Spottiswoode & Co. 1890.
4. English Babes and Irish Bullies. By Storicus. London: Kennett, Towerzey & Co. 1890.

The exterior of "The Prelude" is dainty and attractive enough. It has, of course, the white binding and the hand-made paper without which it seems that no verse can be truly minor. The collection commences with a series of sonnets, entitled "The Lover," not remarkably strong or original. In these, and in the "Songs" which follow, Mr. Burrows seems to have gained little from the models which he has obviously taken but a certain facility in the making of antitheses and a habit of using certain similes which are now trite and worn out. The second of his songs is full of them. The first couplet runs:—

> "How many times have my thoughts flown to thee?
> Tell me the grains of the sand by the sea."

And the following couplet shows no greater freshness and force. Here is the refrain:—

> "Then come to me, come to me, love, my love,
> Linger no longer, my dear, my dove;
> Come and awaken the songs of the grove,
> O, come to me, come to me, love, my love."

Mr. Burrows is artificial; he shows no close and intimate sympathy with nature. We demand something more from poetry than the transference of waves into billows, winds into zephyrs, song into carol, and occasional allusions to gentle buds and the dew of early morn. He is also painfully morbid. He writes in this way of the decay of the body after death:—

> "Decay arrives, and with it brings
> The putrid grub, the vescid worm,
> And loathsome, foul and creeping things,
> That cannot look upon the day,
> And make the blood run slow and cold,
> The cheek fall to the grub a prey.
> A worm starts from that eye;—behold,
> The nostrils harbour ghastly fruit,
> From head to foot the corpse is smitten,
> And stenching wounds and reeking rot
> Show where the grisly worm has bitten."

This is sickening enough, but it is not tragic. It inspires pity, but it is pity for the author. The last poem in the book is the longest. It is called "Daimon," and it is an attempt, as the author tells us in a note, "to trace the career of a madman from the first signs of incipient insanity to the final catastrophe." It is overstrained, exaggerated, and amateurish. This is a specimen of the kind of verse we meet in it:—

> "Avaunt, foul fiend; I mock thy power; despite thy spell I glad.
> With hell I'll sport, with ghouls carouse;—O heaven, am I mad?"

We do not know what is intended by the title "The Prelude;" but it makes us feel very uneasy. It may imply that there is more to follow.

"Verses" is the unpretentious title of a little volume, exquisitely bound. Both the binding and the book show more originality than is to be found in "The Prelude." There is every evidence here of a truly cultured and artistic mind. The longest poem in the book, "The Queen's Lute Player," is also the best. It has its little affectations, its commonplace lines, and its echoes from greater poets.

But it has also a sweetness, tenderness, and simplicity which promise excellently. Of the other lyrics, "In April" is well worth quotation, but is too long to quote. "Lazarus" is more ambitious, and contains some lines which are really beautiful and strong. In the rest of the book we find often enough the inevitable weakness, the tendency to catch unconsciously the word, or phrase, or manner of thought from some favourite author. It is, however, distinctly above the average of modern minor verse. The author has done well, and makes us believe that she will do better.

It is very hard to speak of "Verses and Thoughts." There are the signs of excellent intentions and religious feeling. There is an occasional prettiness. And these things are commendable, but they are not poetry. One piece is entitled "A Bridal Ride." A newly wedded couple are riding over a waste of frozen snow, when they hear wolves pursuing them:

> "'Save me!' she cries, 'my husband, save!
> There still is time to fly.
> Thou art so good, so wise, so brave,
> Thou wilt not let me die."

Shortly afterwards:—

> "He views from out her feeble hand
> Fall loose the slackened rein."

He therefore takes her on to his own horse, and for a short time they keep ahead of the wolves:—

> "'On, on! we gain upon them fast!'
> He struck with doubled force,
> And then, O God! he knew at last
> He rode a failing horse."

He bids her farewell:—

> "The accents, calm and low,
> Bore not one trace of trouble;
> To win against so dread a foe
> No steed can carry double."

He accordingly sacrifices himself, and leaves us to consider a few of the improbabilities contained in the story. But there is really nothing in "A Bridal Ride" to quite match the following couplet from "The Misgiving":—

> "She had kinship with each bright thing, she looked like a bird on the bough;
> O God! that remembrance of her is almost too much for me now."

But in the case of a volume like this, quotation is cruel criticism, and we have no wish to be cruel.

But little need be said of "English Babes and Irish Bullies." It is a political satire, based upon some stories in Ovid, obscure and incoherent. If it is witty to speak of Mr. Gladstone as the Ghee O' M, then the author is welcome to consider himself a wit. And if he considered political satire a suitable means for advertising his own classical acquirements, he might at least have corrected his proof-sheets, and not allowed his printer to turn his quotations into nonsense.

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## THREE REPRINTS.

1. Eli's Children: the Chronicles of an Unhappy Family. By George Manville Fenn. Third Edition. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.
2. My Land of Beulah. By Mrs. Leith-Adams (Mrs. R. S. de Courcy Laffan). New Edition. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.
3. The Laurel Bush: an Old-fashioned Love Story. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

It is not very hard to understand how these three novels came to be reprinted. Apart from the *prestige* which attaches to the names of their authors, the stories themselves all offer strong attractions, although each will attract a different class of reader. Those who love the stirring scenes depicted in "Eli's Children," may care very little for what they will call the dull monotony of "The Laurel Bush." Similarly, those who find the stirring scenes trite and melodramatic, may be charmed by the subdued gentleness which marked the work of the author of "John Halifax."

Mr. G. Manville Fenn has an exciting story to tell. With the struggle on the edge of the cliff, the romantic elopement, the escape of a convict, and similar incidents, we have been made familiar by many novels; it is the more creditable to the author that these do not fail to excite us in "Eli's Children." The plot has many interests, and the story is well constructed. The author shows his usual familiarity with widely different phases of life; we go from poachers to peers, from the ditch to the drawing-room. It is, perhaps, difficult to be at once exciting and probable; much of this book is not probable, and some of it hardly seems to be possible; yet its incidents are not more improbable or impossible than the dialogue in some of the least exciting of the analytical novels. The moral is good and not unduly obtrusive.

One of the hardest dialects to represent in print is the dialect which children use before they have quite learned to speak correctly. We do not think that Mrs. Leith-Adams has quite succeeded with her child-talk in "My Land of Beulah," nor do we think that the construction of the story is altogether satisfactory. The first part is almost prolix: the last part is hurried and sketchy. But it has merits which counterbalance these deficiencies. It is the story of two school friends, Nellie and Eulalie; Eulalie became Nellie's step-mother, and after the death of Nellie's father, laid claim to the affections of Nellie's own lover. The material is slight enough, yet the book is interesting; in the chapter in which Terence tells his story, it is even pathetic. The descriptive writing is especially good. The three sisters of Summerfield are drawn with great skill; curiously enough, the author's power of sketching character seems to fail her most in the delineation of two of her principal persons.

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," was not in the habit of writing bad books, and "The Laurel Bush" is not a bad book, but it is an irritating book to read. The material is, perhaps, even slighter than in "My Land of Beulah." A young man, about to start for India, talks to a young woman in a way which must have been perfectly easy to understand; he also promises to write to her on a certain day. He writes and asks the inevitable question, and of course the letter is never delivered. In the letter he had said that he should take silence to be a refusal. On the strength of this misunderstanding the two keep apart from one another for ten years; he then returns from foreign lands, and more misunderstandings take place. Finally the author considers that the affections of her hero and heroine must be sufficiently mellowed, and allows them to explain everything and get married; the heroine is now over thirty-five years of age. With a little less diffidence and a little more common sense they might have been married ten years before. It is this which irritates a reader of prosaic mind.

There is much in the book which is very pretty and delicate. It reminds us in more than one particular of Mr. Christie Murray's "Aunt Rachel"; or, as this book appeared originally in 1877, and "Aunt Rachel" was published in the *English Illustrated Magazine* several years afterwards, we should perhaps have said that "Aunt Rachel" reminded us of "The Laurel Bush." Of the two books, Mr. Christie Murray's is the better and stronger.

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